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Theodore D. Allen,

Oxford. 1852.

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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL.

Vol. III.

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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

Sequitur patrem non passibus æquis.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY

JOHN CAREY, LL.D.

VOL. III.

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1806.

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ÆNEÏS,

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains:
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

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From land a gentle breeze arose by night;
Serenely shone the stars; the moon was bright;
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun)
A dang'rous coast!—The goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays.
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night;
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding shore,
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,

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And wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies,
When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror, stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tyber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command: the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.
Now, Erato! thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings:
Declare the past and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,

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Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate,
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.
Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:
His father Faunus: a Laurentian dame
His mother; fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heav'n decreed,
Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate:
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand;

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But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.
Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once, (a boding prodigy!)
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight)
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight;
There, with their clasping feet, together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesy'd from hence:
"Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth: his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands."
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,
(Strange to relate!) the flames, involv'd in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,
Caught her dishevel'd hair, and rich attire:
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:

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From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views,
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews:
"The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state."
Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went,
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.
To those the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd; and thence relief demand.
The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumber sees:
A swarm of thin aërial shapes appears,
And, flutt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears.
These he consults, the future fates to know,
From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound

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Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:
"Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around."
These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame through all the neighb'ring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
They sate; and, (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling, said,
"See! we devour the plates on which we fed."
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes)
"All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!

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Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold:
" When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
" By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
" Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
" And the long labours of your voyage end.
" Remember on that happy coast to build;
" And with a trench inclose the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wand'ring of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men; but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught:
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows;
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race,
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove,
And last his sire below, and mother queen above.

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Then heavens high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud:
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.

Cyn. 7. v. 191.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Novr. 1st 1802.

Jas. Fittler sculp.

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Then heav'n's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew,
The time was come their city to renew.
Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd;
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
The coasts, and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tyber flows, and here Numicus stands;
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs,
(The spacious palace where their prince resides)
And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
The new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.
Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;

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At length approach the walls. Without the gate,
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory;
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round incompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with rev'rence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'reign pow'r:
In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat,
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood—

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Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony;
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines;
Then warlike kings who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts, hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd; a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
'Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart;
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pie.
In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train;

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And thus, with pleasing accents, he began:
"Tell me, ye Trojans—for that name you own;
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground?
(Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befal to miserable men)
Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want: the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind, (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Aurunci told, that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before.
From Tuscan Corythum he claim'd his birth:
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice."
He said.—Ilioneus made this reply:
"O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wint'ry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.
Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,

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The port, so long desir'd, at length we found;
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above;
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town, devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the wat'ry waste,
(Such length of years, such various perils past)
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare—
The common water, and the common air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface—
Besides what endless honour you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.

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Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear—
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war—
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends;
Where Tuscan Tyber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ:
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore,
In full assemblies, and in solemn games:
These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames."
Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest,
But pond'ring future things of wond'rous weight—
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.

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On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed:
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:
"The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury!
Have what you ask: your presents I receive:
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave:
Partake and use my kingdom as your own:
All shall be yours, while I command the crown.
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear:
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:
Only one daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom not our oracles, nor heav'n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Ausonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far,
(Such is our doom) a chief renown'd in war,

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Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire."
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd:
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command,
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed,
Who from their nostrils breath'd etherial fire;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares produc'd on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.
But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train

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Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
Th' embassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul; and thus she said:
" O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpity'd on the plain,
But, slain, revive, and, taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires and swords and seas they forc'd their way.
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend, —
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end!
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent?
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursu'd their exil'd race;
Engag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main:
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tyber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate!
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe;
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,

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Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?)
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd!
If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without?
If Jove and heav'n my just desires deny,
Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and Jove supply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
And both the people near destruction brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand:
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires another land!
A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame."
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,

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With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race;
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
"O virgin daughter of eternal Night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war."

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Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight;
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs;
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seis'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war,
And thus bespoke her husband: "Shall," she said,

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" A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In shew of friendship sought the Spartan shore
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word;
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race."
But, when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast.
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.

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And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
Wand'ring through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
"Euoi! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;
And "Euoi!" answer'd all the female throng.
"O virgin worthy thee alone!" she cry'd;
"O worthy thee alone!" the crew reply'd.
"For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance."
Like fury seis'd the rest: the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
All, clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair;

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And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air.
The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine,
Then roll'd her hagard eyes around the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song:
"Iö! ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here," she said, "who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."
Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the silvan shades.
Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold,
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once: now Ardea's name it bears;
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,

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Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws;
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seemed, and thus began,
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man.
" Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sought!
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain!
Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease!
This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends: I bear
Her mighty mandates; and her words you hear.
Haste! arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train;

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Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
In Tyber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget—
Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
For such is heav'n's command."—The youthful prince
With scorn reply'd, and made this bold defence.
"You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.
I neither fear nor will provoke the war:
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.
Go! be the temple and the gods your care:
Permit to men the thought of peace and war."
These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke:
And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
Her hideous looks and hellish form return:
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes:

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Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
"Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell!
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."
Thus having said, her smould'ring torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd; and starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
"Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword and shield prepare!"
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare

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Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house, and his own fame engage.
While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns, with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bath'd his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,

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He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,

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Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,

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And shoots against the sun with equal rays.
  Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
  First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold! 'tis done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete; nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood;

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Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more:
The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."
Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear
Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.
In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name)
Below the lofty mounts on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.

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To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.
Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns, return'd from battle, bear the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corps of Almon, and the rest, are shown:
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mungrel brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
Increase the clamour, and the war demand,
(Such was Amata's int'rest in the land)
Against the public sanctions of the peace,
Against all omens of their ill success.
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves—
Propp'd on himself he stands: his solid sides
Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides—

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So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But, when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their offence,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
"Hurry'd by fate," he cries, "and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore!
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heav'n for peace, but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away."
He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd;
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war —
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain

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Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
And still are worshipp'd with religious fear)
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
The Roman consul their decree declares,
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
These rites, of old by sov'reign princes us'd,
Were the king's office: but the king refus'd,
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war;
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar;
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare;

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Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.
Part scour their rusty shields with seam; and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart;
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms—th' Atinian powr's,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs.
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;
The corselet some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old fauchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
The word is giv'n; with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd;
The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And, now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command;

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What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
His father's hydra fills his ample shield;
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs—
Of heav'nly, part, and, part, of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain

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The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,
On Tuscan Tyber's flow'ry banks they fed.
Then, on mount Aventine, the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms, his men long piles and jav'lins bore;
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came,
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name)
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in the front appear,
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height
With rapid course descending to the fight;
They rush along, the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.

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His own Prænestè sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene—
A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field,
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead;
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.
Messapus next, (great Neptune was his sire)
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminius springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.

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Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.
Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band
Of troops embody'd from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tyber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,

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When pale Orion sets in wint'ry rain,
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid,
A thousand men the youthful hero led,
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground,
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants.
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.

Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Sebethis and old Telon sprung,
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;
But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea—

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O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees,
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight;
Their casques are cork, a cov'ring thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Æquiculæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd:
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wounds of serpents, could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with pow'rful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,

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And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name,
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed:
But, when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd:
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art; and warrior steeds he rein'd.
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,

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High o'er the rest in arms, the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises high'r,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Iö grac'd his shield; but Iö now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd;
And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,
Roll'd from his silver urn his crystal flood,
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;
Of Argive, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tyber's holy forest hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.
Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.

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Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind,

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ÆNEÏS,

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs,
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.

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These through the country took their wasteful co
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
"Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate;
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name.
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common int'rest was involv'd in theirs."
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, 3
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,

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And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief
Was laid on Tyber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood,
Arose the father of the Roman flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
" Undoubted offspring of etherial race,
O long expected in this promis'd place!
Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes—
This is thy happy home, the clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.

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When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth.—For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls:
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony.
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay;
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tyber my name—among the rolling floods,
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.

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This is my certain seat. In times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome." 90
He said; and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took 95
From Tyber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:
" Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tyber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep, 100
Conceals thy wat'ry stores—where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies—
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes, 105
Shalt share my morning song, and ev'ning vows.
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made."
Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,
With care he chuses, mans, and fits with oars. 110
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found—
Wond'rous to tell!—She lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young.

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Æneas takes the mother and her brood;
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The following night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tyber smooth'd his wat'ry way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course;
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.
One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bow'rs,
Thin as they stood, which then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove

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To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A jav'lin seis'd, and singly took his way,
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far:
"Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are;
Your bus'ness here, and bring you peace or war?"
High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made—
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This messsage bear: The Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief."
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies: "Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend,
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."
He said, and, downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.

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Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
"Best of the Greeks! to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand—
Undaunted I approach you, though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim:
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighb'ring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our father Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came—
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
Thus from one common source our streams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue

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The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine:
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare."
He said: and, while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise—
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face;
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
"O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine!
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mein, and all my friend, in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight;
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,

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With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I su'd, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnossian bow,
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent away.
Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day,
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast; and take your seat,
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the bed,
A lion's shaggy hide, for ornament, they spread.
The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine;
Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued chine.

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But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
" These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears or superstition spring,
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labours of a God we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky;
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie;
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot: and like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain:—
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove

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Near Tyber's banks, to graze the shady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine, convey'd.
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den.
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave.
Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass.
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings; and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, th' aërial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body: on his back the door he drew:
(The door, a rib of living rock; with pains

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His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains)
He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left. The hero stood
Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;
And trembling Tyber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;

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The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapours, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground;
A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on high,
The gods with hate behold the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,
Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound;
Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes.

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Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day;
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air agen.
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows:
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood;
And with deep draughts invoke our common god."
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd;
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright ev'ning-star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,

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In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and 'cense his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound—
One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules:
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands;
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Œchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
"Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew;
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seis'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
Thee, god! no face of danger could affright;

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Not huge Typhöeus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To heav'n and the great author of thy race!
Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day!"
In numbers thus they sung: above the rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
The vales to hills; and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire,
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still with new surprise;
With greedy joy inquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:
"These woods were first the seat of silvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and Fauns, and savage men who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of lab'ring oxen, nor the shining share,
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase: the running flood

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Supply'd their thirst; the trees supply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought,
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degen'rate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians, came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings—gigantic Tybris, and the rest—
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
For Tyber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heav'n's command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and shew'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,

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Who to her son foretold th' Ænean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place;—
Then shews the forests, which, in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A sacred refuge made;—with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine;—
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads—
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A rev'rent fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god, they knew—what god, they could not tell—
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove: and said they saw
The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe,
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins, (once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood)
Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains;
And either place the founder's name retains.
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall:
(Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl)

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Then, stooping, through the narrow gate they press'd
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:
" Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor! accept our homely food,
Which feasted him; and emulate a god."
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing leaves with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid—
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love.
" While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain,
Though much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,

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His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious pow'r, that rul'st my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
With fated arms a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the reliques of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy,
And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy."
She said; and strait her arms, of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
" Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,

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To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date.
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love."
Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till, in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god—
The time when early housewives leave the bed:
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;—
With yawning mouths, and with half open'd eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light,
And to their daily labour add the night:
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r.
Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,

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Rais'd high on smoking rocks: and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal:
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast—
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axle-trees, and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face,

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" My sons !" said Vulcan, " set your tasks aside:
Your strength and master-skill must now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge—arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."
He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd :
Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close.
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd ;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns, their arms advance in equal time ;
By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs :
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed : his buskins meet
Above his ankles ; sandals sheath his feet :
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.

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Two menial dogs before their master press'd.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a secret seat they chuse;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews:
" Undaunted prince! I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tyber bounds:
The other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And Fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,

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Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes?
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race!
The living and the dead, at his command,
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand,
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more—
The people's patience, try'd, no longer bore
The raging monster; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment require:
Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
"Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r

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Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms!
Know this: no native of our land may lead
This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head."
Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native: but, in you, combine
A manly vigour and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own;
In fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare,
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;
Your matchless courage and your conduct view;

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And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son
As many more has added in his own."
Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud:
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky;
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling: struck with awe divine,
Æneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
My goddess mother, whose indulgent care

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Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:
And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tyber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms:
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms."
He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
Draws out the best, and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city spreads aloud

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Th' intended march: amid the fearful crowd,
Ths matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face
"Would heav'n (said he) my strength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall —
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more —
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms;
Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return'd with peace and victory:
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;

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Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But, if your hard decrees—which, O! I dread—
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
This, O! this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms—
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!"
He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground.
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along:
Last, follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.

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The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.
A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields—and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led,
Refresh'd his men, and weary'd horses fed.
Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd with charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,

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He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits vadiant fires

Œnd. 1st 801.

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J. Neagle, sculp.

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And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
"Behold (she said) perform'd, in ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
She said: and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
For there, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, were laid the Martial twins,
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung:

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The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend,
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green.
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.
There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.

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Their king, half threat'ning, half disdaining, stood,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
'Scap'd from their chains, with Clœlia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls' approach: th' approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seise the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance:
*In caps of wool: the targets dropt from heav'n.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
Pains of the damn'd; and punish'd Catiline,
Hung on a rock—the traitor; and, around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.

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Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters, flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage—
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
And with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings,
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.

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It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed jav'lins fly
The fields of Neptune take a purple die.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ætherial train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield,
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ sowse from heav'n with swift descent:
And Discord, died in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.

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Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driv'n along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,

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With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides;
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind.
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;
And Morini, the last of human kind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

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ÆNEÏS,

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs), and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
Retir'd alone she found the daring man,
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
"What none of all the gods could grant thy vows—
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.
Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;

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And, short of succours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs;
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines."
This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
" Iris, the grace of heav'n! what pow'r divine
Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine?
See, they divide: immortal day appears,
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy, these happy omens I obey,
And follow, to the war, the god that leads the way."

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to heav'n he throws,
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates through the plain,
Well hors'd, well clad—a rich and shining train.
Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest.
Silent they move, majestically slow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.

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The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,
And the dark menace of the distant war.
Caïcus from the rampire saw it rise,
Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning through the skies.
Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:
"What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare your spears,
And pointed darts! the Latian host appears."
Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend:
For their wise gen'ral, with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war,
Nor, though provok'd, in open fields advance,
But close within their lines attend their chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press'd;
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest.
With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
"Is there, (he said) in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour and his danger share?"
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war:—applauding shouts ensue.

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Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry port, and ev'ry passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold:
Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold,
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain,
(His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain)
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain;
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies
Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.
Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,
And ev'ry hand with kindled fires is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly:
Fat vapours, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.

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What pow'r, O Muses, could avert the flame,
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.
'Tis said, that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,
The Grandame goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun:
"Grant me (she said) the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for its king.
On Ida's brows, for ages past there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred grove.
Where I was worshipp'd with religious love.
These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.
Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb,
The floating forests of the sacred pine:
But let it be their safety to be mine."
Then thus reply'd her awful son, who rolls
The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controuls:
"How dare you, mother, endless date demand,
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?

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Yet, what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
At my command shall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine, and plough the wat'ry way,
Like Doto and the daughters of the sea."
To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god.
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.
And now at length the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;
And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds:
"O Trojan race! your needless aid forbear;
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,

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Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command."
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
When, lo! th' obedient ships their halsers break;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast:
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste,
Old Tyber roar'd, and, raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
"These monsters for the Trojans' fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages sent.
He takes the cowards' last relief away;
For fly they cannot, and constrain'd to stay,
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is lost:
Heav'n shuts the seas; and we secure the coast.
There is no more than that small spot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men surround.
Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles.
'Twas giv'n to Venus, they should cross the seas,

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And land secure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus, to destroy,
With sword and fire the faithless race of Troy.
Shall such affronts as these, alone, inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
They fell—but will they fall a second time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
A slight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
Less than a thousand ships will end this war:
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians, join!
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night,
The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light.
No wooden engine shall their town betray:

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Fires they shall have around, bnt fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
Give we the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn shall end the small remains of war."
The post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice sev'n Rutulian captains ready stand;
And twice sev'n hundred horse these chiefs command;
All clad in shining arms the works invest;
Each, with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh; they sing: (the jolly bowls go round)
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd.
Seis'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to tow'r:
Thus all things needful for defence abound:
Mnestheus and brave Serestus walk the round,
Commission'd by their absent prince to share

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The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
  Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,
To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance,
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood,
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend —
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast.
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both by choice upon the guard.
  Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou seest the foe secure; how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires: the most, in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:

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The wakeful few the fuming flaggon ply:
All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve—
A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand, on thee;
(For fame is recompense enough for me)
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my passage guide."
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
"All this, alone, and leaving me behind!
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms—
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms.
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase fame."
Then Nisus thus: "Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears.
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,

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Condemn'd to pay my vows, (as sure I trust)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance—as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war —
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life: I would not perish all.
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,
To bear my mangled body from the foe,
Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O! let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue—
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When ev'ry weary matron staid behind."
To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
No more delays! but haste!" With that, he wakes
The nodding watch: each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures else forgot their daily care,
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share;

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Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief,
Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
Remote from clamour, and secure from foes,
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admission, eager to be heard—
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids them be conducted in,
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin,
Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
And, where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
Betwixt two paths which at the gate divide,
Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to see him safe again,
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;

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For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
The rising turrets, and the stream between;
And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."
He ceas'd: and old Aletes took the word.
"Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."
Then into tears of joy the father broke:
Each in his longing arms by turns he took;
Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
"Ye brave young men what equal gifts can we,
In recompense of such desert, decree?
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
The gods and your own conscious worth will give.
The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,
And young Ascanius, till his manhood, owe."
"And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"
Ascanius adds, "by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my household gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
Adjure you both—(on you my fortune stands:
That and my faith I plight into your hands)—
Make me but happy in his safe return,
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
Your common gift shall two large goblets be

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Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd;
And, more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold:
Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain —
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus! and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care;
And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine:
Take full possession: all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend:
My life's companion, and my bosom friend —
My peace shall be committed to thy care;
And, to thy conduct, my concerns in war."
Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:

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"Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth:
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain—
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
Of Priam's royal race my mother came—
And sure the best that ever bore the name—
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
And in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conscious night, I swear,
My soul so sad a farewel could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place;
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears."
He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.
Then thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see
That image of his filial piety:
"So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,

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Creüsa had, and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it) what, returning here
Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share."
He said, and, weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade.
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend;
And good Aletes furnish'd him, beside
With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
With pray'rs and vows. Above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.
The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore,

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Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight;
"Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers; and I stand prepar'd:
There lies our way: be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage through the sleeping foe."
Softly he spoke: then, striding took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay;
His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath —
A king and prophet, by king Turnus lov'd:
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then spies
Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword;
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,

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He slew, and then Sarranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fumy god from out his breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play —
More lucky, had it lasted 'till the day.
The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhœtus slew.
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhœtus wakeful, and observing all;
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;
For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dyed.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood:
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.
Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
The fires were fainting there, and just alive:
The warrior horses, tied in order, fed;
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;

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And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend:
Here let our glutted execution end.
A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made."
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
This present Cædicus the rich bestow'd
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd,
And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:
He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;
Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body suits, but suits in vain.
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.

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The queen a legion to king Turnus sent:
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,
And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for, through the doubtful shade,
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
"'Tis not for nought," cry'd Volscens from the crowd,
"These men go there:" then rais'd his voice aloud:
"Stand! stand! why thus in arms? and whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?"
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
Black was the forest: thick with beech it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn:
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
And Alban plains (from Alba's name so call'd)
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around.

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" Ah wretch!" he cry'd—" where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find? 530
Or what way take?" Again he ventures back,
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and, list'ning, hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the riders' voice. 534
The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd,
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt? what arms employ,
What fruitless force, to free the captive boy? 540
Or desp'rate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife!
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
And, casting on the moon a mournful look, 544
" Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night!
Fair queen!" he said, " direct my dart aright.
If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,
Or I increas'd them with my silvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils, 550
Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;

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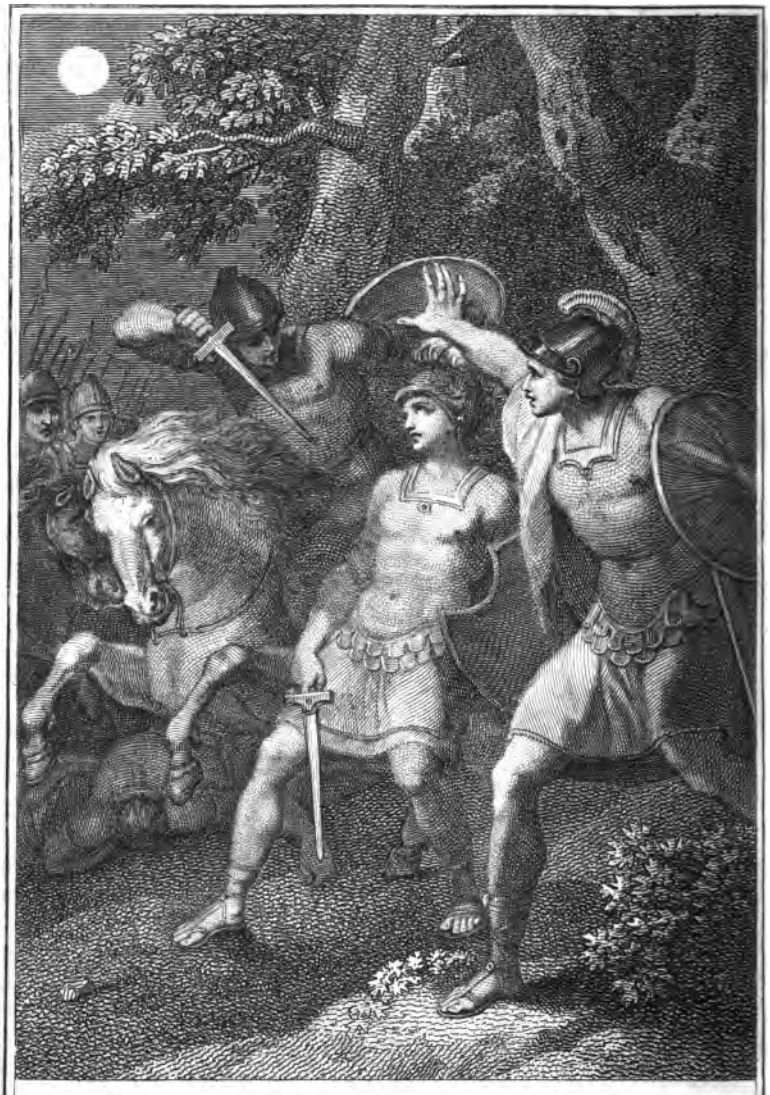

Me, me, he cry'd turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.

Ex. 9. v. 574.

Vieira Portuensis Delin. Published by Vernor & Hood Nov.r 1.st 1802. F. Bartolozzi R.A. Sculp.

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Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round: his eyeballs roll in death;
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd: — a second jav'lin flies
With equal strength, and quivers through the skies.
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound,
Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he cries,
"Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies
With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover could not bear;
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
"Me! me!" he cry'd — "turn all your swords alone
On me — the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth —
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend."
Too late he speaks: — the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.

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His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd—
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.
Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends:
Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight,
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazon broke.
Dying, he slew; and stagg'ring on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Sarranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;

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And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;
Nor long the sun his daily course with-held,
But added colours to the world reveal'd;
When early Turnus wak'ning with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd,
And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
This done—to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears—a ghastly sight!
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls.
In front extended to the left they stood:
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.
But, casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well they knew,
Though then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame through the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears.
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:

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Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
"Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was 't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed?
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone!
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
To call about his corps his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care.
Nor did my daily pains or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corps? what earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:

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Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
And send me thunder-struck to shades below!"
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojan's ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears:
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
But Actor and Idæus jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets terribly, from far,
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.
The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds;
And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.
These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.
But, where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow,
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo—
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,

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The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage —
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town.

Calliope, begin! Ye sacred Nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design,
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade,
What fame the soldiers with their captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war:
For you, in singing martial facts, excel;
You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height:
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join:
The wary Trojans obviate their design:
With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,

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Shoot through the loopholes, and sharp jav'lins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove, the scatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire pursu'd amain,
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling train:
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound:
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tow'r, that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All the same equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape;
Sav'd—how, they know not—from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Licymnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war:
(A privilege which none but freemen share.)
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield:
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.

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Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And, rising, found himself amidst his foes;
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way.
Emboldened by despair, he stood at bay;
And, like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds—
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws
His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war;
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find;
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey,
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind)
"Fool!" said the chief, "though fleeter than the wind,
Could'st thou presume to 'scape, when I pursue?"
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard: at the tug he falls:
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoaking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare,
Jove's bird comes sowsing down from upper air;

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Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
So seises the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then rushing onward with a barb'rous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.
Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew:
To bend the bow young Liger better knew;
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.
Brave Cæneus laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneus was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar, and Idas standing on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found:
Hurt by Temilla first—but slight the wound—
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part;
The second shaft came swift and unespy'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side,
Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart:

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The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.
The son of Arcens shone amid the rest,
In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest.
(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love)
Bred by his father in the Martian grove,
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And sent in arms to purchase early fame.
Him when he spy'd from far, the Tuscan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling,
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew:
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.
Then young Ascanius, who, before this day,
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,
And exercis'd against a human foe—
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defy'd:
"Twice conquer'd cowards! now your shame is shown—
Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,

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But hold your walls before you for a shield.
Thus threat you war? thus our alliance force?
What gods, what madness, hither steer'd your course?
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports, but what belong to war, they know—
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free,
No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.
We plough and till in arms: our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain.
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain—
The body, not the mind—nor can controul
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey;

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We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,
Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen!
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men!
Go! mix'd with eunuchs in the Mother's rites,
(Where with unequal sound the flute invites)
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:
Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade."

This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.
But, first, before the throne of Jove he stood,
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:
"My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!
An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed,
A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head,
Butts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands."

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies

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The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
The steel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.
" Go now, vain boaster! and true valour scorn!
The Phrygians, twice subdu'd, yet make this third return."
Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake
The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud:
" Advance, illustrious youth! increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name—
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due; and the vast world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name." He said,
And plunging downward shot his radiant head;
Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight:
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight,
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire:
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,

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His mien, his habit, and his arms, he wears,
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years:
" Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won.
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more." He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know,
And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun:
From wall to wall, the shouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around:
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms, resound.
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise;
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top—two youths of height and size

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Like firs that on their mother mountain rise—
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war,
With fates averse, against their king's command.
Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn,
And, overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free;
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on,
Aquicolus, that in bright armour shone,
And Hæmon first: but soon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
And each on equal terms at length engage.
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought,
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,

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Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
(But base-begotten on a Theban slave —
Sarpedon's son) he slew: the deadly dart
Found passage through his breast, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood,
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,
(A dart were lost within that roomy breast)
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong,
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force with-hold,
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the ground,
(His arms and clatt'ring shield on the vast body sound)
Not with less ruin than the Baian mole,
Rais'd on the seas, the surges to controul —
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall;
Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall
Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud, arise:
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:

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Typhöeus, thrown beneath by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
The warrior god the Latian troops inspir'd,
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands, and adds his shoulders to the weight;
Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd;
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war!
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold,
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they descry,
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly,
All but the fool who sought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd

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For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
"These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown;
'Tis hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left."
To whom, with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: "Then begin; and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of Priam bear;
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."
A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.
"But hope not thou," said Turnus, "when I strike,
To shun thy fate: our force is not alike,
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god."
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two.
Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound:
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping wound,
Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.

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The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And, had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And to his troops without, unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury, to pursue the crowd.
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died;
Then Phalaris is added to his side.
The pointed jav'lins from the dead he drew,
And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.
Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phegeus flies:
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall—
Engag'd against the foes who scal'd the wall:
But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.
At last, though late, by Lynceus he was seen.
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince:
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
He 'sjoints the neck: and, with a stroke so strong,
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd and in poison skill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Cretheus, whom the Muses held so dear:

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He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:
Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.
The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave Serestus and his troop sustain.
To save the living, and revenge the dead,
Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.
"O, void of sense and courage!" Mnestheus cry'd,
"Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?
Forsaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you shame!"
This just reproach their virtue does excite:
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,
But with slow paces measures back the field,
And inches to the walls, where Tyber's tide,
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.
The more he loses, they advance the more
And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.
They shout; they bear him back; and, whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

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As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;
He loses while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
So Turnus fares, and, unresolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.
But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops supply'd,
Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side:
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store;
For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,
To force th' invader from the frighted town.
With labour spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy falchion, or sustain the shield,
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling:
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way, with stony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.
His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd.
The foe, now faint, the Trojans overwhelm;
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.

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Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at ev'ry pore;
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er;
Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes;
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from high,
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore;
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

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ÆNEÏS,

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of heav'n unfold: Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,
And all th' inferior world. From first to last,
The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty sire began: "Ye gods,
Natives or denizens of blest abodes!
From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was first design'd?

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Why this protracted war, when my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands?
What fear or hope on either part divides
Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on diff'rent sides?
A lawful time of war at length will come,
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom)
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome;
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension cease:
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace."
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
" O pow'r immense! eternal energy!
(For to what else protection can we fly?)
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,
In shining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend:
And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,

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Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears:
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found:
And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.
Yet, if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But, if the gods their sure success foretell—
If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet?
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above —
An act that well became the wife of Jove!
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind:

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(Such hopes I had indeed, while heav'n was kind)
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race:
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive;
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave)
Then, father, (if I still may use that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a crown:
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs:
In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs,
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire;
To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian shores; if, after all,

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Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simoïs banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before."
Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
"And must I own," she said, "my secret smart—
What with more decence were in silence kept,
And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept?
Did god or man your fav'rite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree,
He left his native land for Italy;
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than heav'n, inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore.
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy,
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And through the waves a wand'ring voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy!
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw

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Their native air, nor take a foreign law!
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give!
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join;
Realms, not your own, among your clans divide,
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride;
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war!
'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son to shrowd,
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd,
And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime—the queen of heav'n offends,
If she presume to save her suff'ring friends!
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say, is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,
The soft recesses and the sacred bow'rs.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?

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Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth rely'd;
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind,
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:—
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late."

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause,
Just as they favour or dislike the cause.
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try,
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand,
With rev'rence list'ning to the dread command:
The clouds dispel: the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)
"Celestials! your attentive ears incline!
Since (said the god) the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line—
Since endless jarrings and immortal hate
Tend but to discompose our happy state—
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall:
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

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Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;
And, if she favours those, let those defend:—
The Fates will find their way." The thund'rer said;
And shook the sacred honours of his head,
Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god.
Trembled the poles of heav'n; and earth confess'd
the nod.
This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
And to his palace wait their sov'reign through the skies.
Meantime, intent upon their siege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate;
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.
Th' Æneans wish in vain their wanted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.
Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew.
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius, and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;
Young Hæmon, and, though young, resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and Thymœtes join'd;
Thymbris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.

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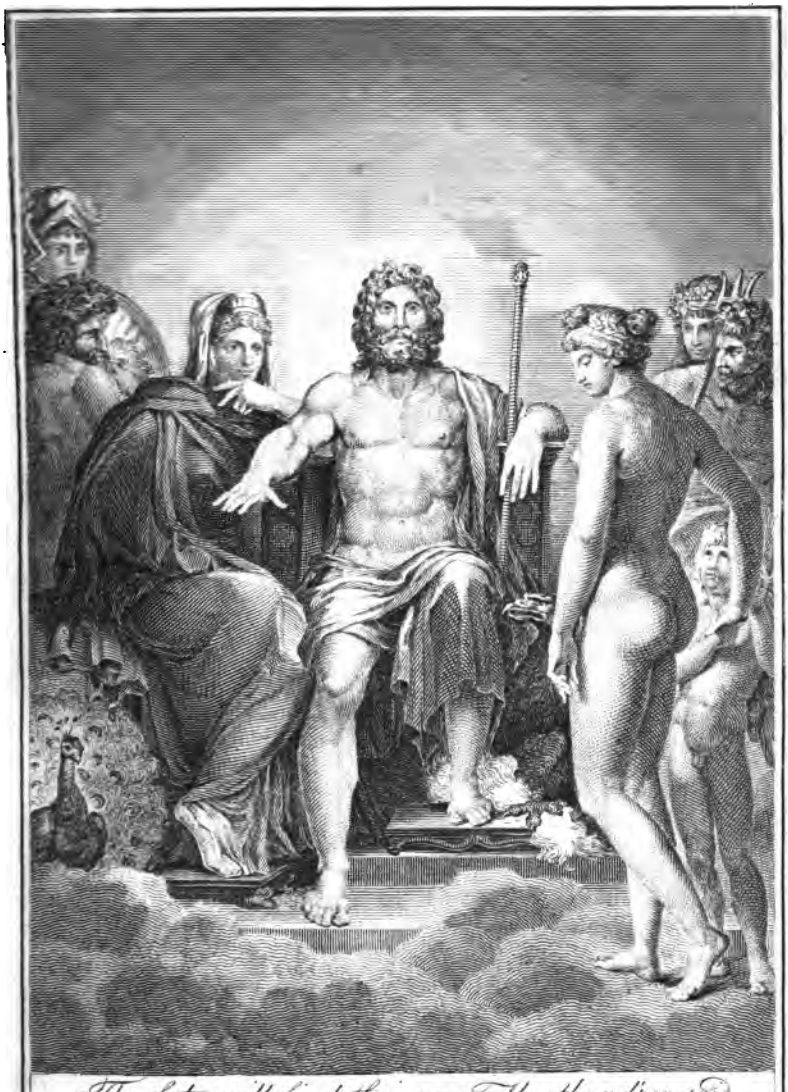

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Æn: 10. v. 371.

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Sharp Sculp.

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From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came.
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone:
His brother Mnestheus could not more have done,
Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with stones, defend.
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare;
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crowd, he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set,
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.
Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
Directing ointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm'd—in Lydia born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn;
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.
There Capys, author of the Capuan name,
And there was Mnestheus too, increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.
Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:

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For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief;
His name and country told, and ask'd relief;
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd;
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd;
What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of human-kind,
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,
And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r,
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.
They soon set sail; nor now the Fates withstand;
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.
Æneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear —
Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful shade Æneas sate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
And oft of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.
Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing,
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:

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Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.
A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
Borne in the Tiger through the foaming sea;
From Clusium brought, and Cosa, by his care:
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear.
Fierce Abas next: his men bright armour wore:
His stern Apollo's golden statue bore.
Six hundred Populonia sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
Asylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars;
From offer'd entrails, prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
Sent by the Pisans under his command.
Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,
Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield.
Gravisca, noisome from the neighb'ring fen,
And his own Cære, sent three hundred men,
With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew,
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,

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And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensign fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaëthon,
And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone,
Beneath the sister shades, to sooth his grief.
Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,
And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,
Who heav'd a rock, and, threat'ning still to throw,
With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the wat'ry plain —
The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name —
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:
Three sev'ral tribes compose the government;
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore —

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Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.
These grave Aulestes leads: a hundred sweep
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.
Him and his martial train, the Triton bears:
High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound;
And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waist he shows;
A porpoise-tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides;
And froth and foam augment the murm'ring tides.
Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.
Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run,
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood;
But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast;

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Her right hand stops the stern; her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.
She spoke for all the choir, and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man:
"Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake!
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track,
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea;
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then, loos'd from shore, we fled his fires profane,
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain)
And since have sought you through the Tuscan main.
The mighty Mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd,
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.
Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
Advance in order on the Latian coast:
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight:
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,

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Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."
Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force
Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course;
For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind.
The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heav'n his eyes:
"Hear thou great Mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right."
He said no more. And now renewing day
Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
He charg'd the soldiers, with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below
His camp encompass'd, and th' inclosing foe.
His blazing shield, embrac'd, he held on high:
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

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King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,
The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er,
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.
Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale human kind with plagues and with dry famine frights.
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent,
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
"What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune sends—
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day; you need but only dare:
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your sires, your sons, your houses and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands:
Be mindful of the race from whence you came,
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.
Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand

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With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:
Fortune befriends the bold." No more he said,
But balanc'd, whom to leave, and whom to lead;
Then these elects the landing to prevent,
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And, where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore,
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command:
"Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land—I ask no more;
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore."

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends:
They tug at ev'ry oar; and ev'ry stretcher bends:
They run their ships aground: the vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood:
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood,
She breaks her back; the loosen'd sides give way,

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And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
Their passage while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.
Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound: Æneas first assail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight—
Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.
He first in open fields defy'd the prince:
But armour scal'd with gold was no defence
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.
Next Lichas fell, who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn;
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee;
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong:
Vain bulk and strength! for, when the chief assail'd,
Nor valour nor Herculean arms avail'd,
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death:
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.

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Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,
And sought with lust obscene polluted joys—
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his sev'n bold brethren stopp'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Sev'n darts were thrown at once; and some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:
The rest had reach'd him; but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
The spears, that knew the way to victory—
"Those fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain."
He said; then seis'd a mighty spear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler flew,
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.

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Then Numitor from his dead brother drew
Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:
Preventing fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came.
And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim.
The spear flew hissing through the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground;
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled through the wound.
He slew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.
Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads:
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,
These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.
With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is died,
While on its borders each their claim decide.
As wint'ry winds, contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,

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They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can;
Foot set to foot, and mingled, man to man.
But, in another part, th' Arcadian horse
With ill success engage the Latin force:
For, where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who, with disdain and grief, had view'd
His foes pursuing and his friends pursu'd,
Us'd threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource,
With these to move their minds, with those to fire their force.
"Which way, companions? whither would you run?
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame:
By my youth, emulous of equal right
To share his honours—shun ignoble flight!
Trust not your feet: your hands must hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
Tis through that forward path that we must come:
There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below,
Oppress our arms: with equal strength we go,

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With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we stand! a scanty shore—
The sea behind, our enemies before:
No passage left, unless we swim the main;
Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain."
This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight, to throw:
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.
Hisbo came on: but, while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he press'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdame's bed with impious lust.
And, after him, the Daunian twins were slain,
Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian plain;
So wond'rous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes—
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides:
For Thymbrus' head was lopp'd; and Laris' hand,

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Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the falchion strain,
And threaten still th' extended stroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
Then, with a casual blow was Rhœteus slain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:
The flying spear was after Ilus sent;
But Rhœteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead;
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.
As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:—
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood:

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But first collected in his arms he stood:
Advancing then, he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres, fell.
Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand.
Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stor
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye;
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.
Pallas th' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tyber thus address'd his vows:
"O sacred stream! direct my flying dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart:
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;

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But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew—Abas, the stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hind'rance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain:
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude shock of war both armies came;
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands—
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
" Let none presume his needless aid to join:
Retire, and clear the field: the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh! were his father here, my just revenge to view!"
From the forbidden space his men retir'd.
Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admir'd;
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height:

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Then to the king: "Your empty vaunts forl
Success I hope; and fate I cannot fear.
Alive, or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same."
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace.
Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion—when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand·
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advan
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first—resolv'd to try
If fortune would his want of force supply;
And thus to heav'n and Hercules address'd:
"Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest!
His son adjures thee by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils." 'Twas heard, the vain req
Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his bre

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Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began:
"Short bounds of life are set to mortal man,
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
So many sons of gods, in bloody fight
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,
And stands already on the verge of death."
This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his shining falchion drew.
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear, before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
"See now," said he, "whose arm is better strung."
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were laid:
Through folded brass, and tough bull-hides, it pass'd,
His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood:
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
He falls: his arms upon his body sound;

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And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus bestrode the corps: "Arcadians, hear,"
Said he: "my message to your master bear:
Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send:
It costs him dear to be the Phrygian's friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow
Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below."
He said, and trampled down, with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse;
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid —
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,
All, in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals! blind of fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain —
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.
The sad Arcadians, from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd,
With praises, to thy sire, at once deplor'd.

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One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield.
This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless relieved by his victorious hand.
He whirls his sword around, without delay,
And hews through adverse foes an ample way,
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud.
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
To large deserts, are present to his eyes—
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.
Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,
In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd blow,
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
"By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
O! spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing sire, and tender progeny.
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,

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The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail?
A single soul 's too light to turn the scale."
He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd:
" Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war by one relentless stroke,
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
My father's shadow, but my living son."
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seis'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left;
Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.

Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near:
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glitt'ring in arms, he shone amidst the crowd,
Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field:
The holy coward fell; and, forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one blow,
Sent him an off'ring to the shades below.
His arms Serestus on his shoulders bears,
Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight,
And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those,

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And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
At Anxur's shield he drove; and, at the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms,
So made by mutter'd spells; and, from the spheres,
Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
With his protended lance he makes defence;
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and (as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray)
Mows off his head: the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
"Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home,
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey,
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."
On Lucas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd along

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Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong
Both great in arms; and both were fair and
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amyclæ fix'd his silent easy reign.

And, as Ægæon, when with heav'n he strov
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the wa
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar;
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;
In his right hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields:
With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;
And soon the fields with falling corps were strc
When once his falchion found the taste of blo

With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.
They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They threw their master headlong from the cha
They stare, they start, nor stop their course, bel
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains,
With two white steeds; but Liger holds the rei

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And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains—
Bold brethren both. The former wav'd in air
His flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is vain
To 'scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield:
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field."
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for fight—the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives,
Pass'd through, and pierc'd his groin. The deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground:
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite;
"Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight:
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat;
But you yourself forsake your empty seat."
He said, and seis'd at once the loosen'd rein:
For Liger lay already on the plain
By the same shock: then, stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:

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" Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r."
Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said;
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short: " I hear another man:
You talk'd not thus before the fight began.
Now take your turn; and, as a brother should,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood."
Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent;
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around.
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conf'rence with his queen, and thus began:
" My sister goddess, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife—
Sustains her Trojans — or themselves, alone,
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid."
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, submissively replies:

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" Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear—
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,
From your almighty pow'r your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus' life,
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,
And give him to his aged father's sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pilumnus came!
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine."

Then shortly thus the sov'reign god reply'd:
" Since in my pow'r and goodness you confide,
If, for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man,
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death,
Or, if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain."

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
" And what if that request, your tongue denies,

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Your heart should grant—and not a short reprieve,
But length of certain life, to Turnus give?
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth;
Which, O! I wish, might err through causeless fears,
And you (for you have pow'r) prolong his years!"
Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her through the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made;
And, what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft; a plumy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield.
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground,
Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in air.
At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.

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"Whither, O coward?" (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud)
"Why thus forsake your bride? Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by sea."
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,
And skipp'd and skulk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow; Saturnia's hand
The halsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.
The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,

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His hands and hagard eyes to heav'n he cast.
" O Jove !" he cry'd — " for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy ?
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne ?
How, and with what reproach shall I return ?
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again ?
What will they say of their deserting chief ?
The war was mine : I fly from their relief !
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave ;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive !
Or, oh ! ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve !
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive ;
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more —
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame,
Lest she should follow and my flight proclaim."
Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd :
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea, took place —
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.

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Thrice he the sword essay'd, and thrice the flood:
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood,
And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales supply'd,
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire:
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
Of wish'd revenge — on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound:
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His crest and armour, from his body torn,
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head, adorn.

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Evas and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew,
Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew—
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his sire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,
Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.
And, as a savage boar, on mountains bred,
With forest mast and fatt'ning marshes fed,
When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war:
Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar:
All keep aloof, and safely shout around;
But none presumes to give a nearer wound:
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,
And just revenge against the tyrant fir'd,
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.
From Corythus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummate night.
Mezentius sees him through the squadron ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds

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A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain—
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws:
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground;
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd,
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But, running, gain'd th' advantage of the ground:
Then turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:
"Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!"
The field around with "Iö Pæan!" ring;
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesy'd in death:

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" Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain,
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain."
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd:
" For what belongs to me, let Jove provide:
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue."
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.
A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.
By Cædicus, Alcathöus was slain:
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew,
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master, as he made a bound:
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground;
Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails:
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.
Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defy'd
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not belied his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Authronius sent:
But the same fate the victor underwent,
Slain by Nealces' hand, well skill'd to throw

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The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance:
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance,
Victors and vanquish'd in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.
Above the rest, two goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there.
Amidst the crowd, infernal Ate shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,
Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood,
(When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves)
Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth—in clouds he hides his head.
The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his strength, and like a rock
Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
He stood, and, meas'ring first with careful eyes
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
"My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!

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(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke)
His armour from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn."
He said; and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial shield: that stopp'd the course;
But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The side and bowels, fam'd Antores fix'd.
Antores had from Argos travel'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose.
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
He casts to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent:
The shield gave way: through triple plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen triply roll'd,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.
His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief:

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He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just,
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive,
And, with a storm of darts, to distance drive
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind,
For shelter to the neigh'bring covert fly,
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns, lie;
But that o'erblown, when heav'n above them smiles,
Return to travail, and renew their toils:
Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;

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And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning cry'd:
"Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love?"—Nor, thus forborne,
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience, tir'd,
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd shears;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
Through shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,
And bury'd deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams through the thin armour strove,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
He griev'd; he wept, (the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love—a sadly pleasing thought)
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:
"Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;

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And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate, and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.
There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell."
With this, his distant friends he beckons near:
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out
the wound.
Meantime, his father, now no father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds, by Tyber's yellow flood:
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand;
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much inquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field—alas! in vain!
Behold! his mournful followers bear him slain:

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O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;
Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;
Last, the dear corps embracing, thus he said:
"What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel:
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
I ow'd my people these, and, from their hate,
With less resentment could have borne my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light—
But will not long." With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound;
Yet, with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd

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With pains or perils, for his courser call'd—
Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress
With daily care, and mounted with success—
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:
"O Rhœbus! we have liv'd too long for me—
If life and long were terms that could agree.
This day thou either shalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead—
This day thou either shalt revenge my woe,
For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
Or, if inexorable Fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan lord, endure."
He said: and straight th' officious courser kneels,
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
With pointed jav'lins: on his head he lac'd
His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar;
Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.

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Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name:
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
"Great Jove," he said, "and the far-shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good!"
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.
To whom Mezentius thus: "Thy vaunts are vain.
My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
He 's lost! thy conquest is already won:
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.
Forbear thy threats: my bus'ness is to die;
But first receive this parting legacy."
He said; and straight a whirling dart he sent:
Another after, and another, went.
Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield.
Thrice rode he round; and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb withstood
The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone,
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd, and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight —
At length resolv'd, he throws, with all his force,
Full at the temples of the warrior horse.

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Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
Made way, and stood transfix'd through either ear.
Seis'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before: his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height:
His horse came after with unwieldy weight,
And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid.
From either host, the mingled shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies:
Æneas, hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
"Now! where are now the vaunts, the fierce disdain,
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?"
Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies:
"Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die:
Nor came I here with hope of victory;
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design.
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.
My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.

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For this, this only favour let me sue,
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuse it not: but let my body have
The last retreat of human kind, a grave.
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate:
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide;
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side."
He said, and to the sword his throat apply'd.
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

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ÆNEÏS,

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latinus calls a council, to propose offers of peace to Æneas; which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances. In the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalises herself, is killed; und the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers and his friend,
Yet first to heav'n perform'd a victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs;
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.

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The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood.
His brazen buckler on the left was seen:
Trunchions of shiver'd lances hung between;
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man,
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
"Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town:
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,
And, in this omen, is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance;
That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance
And I, at heav'n's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war—

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The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs, for which they fought,
And which for us with their own blood they bought.
But first the corps of our unhappy friend
To the sad city of Evander send,
Who, not inglorious, in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom."
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.
Acœtes watch'd the corps; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust; and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care.
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But, when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore;
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began;
"Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!

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She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosp'rous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me, parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold.
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn,
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war,
A bloody breathless body, which can owe
No farther debt but to the pow'rs below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son!
These are my triumphs of the Latian war,
Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care!
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry:
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He died no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.

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But what a Champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!

Cowley.

Published by Turner & Hood, Nov.r 2.1802.

Ja.s Fittler Sculp.

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But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief—
A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
The body on this rural hearse is borne:
Strew'd leaves and fun'ral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.
Then two fair vests, of wond'rous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One vest array'd the corps; and one they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,
That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the Latian plain—

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Arms, trappings, horses—by the hearse are led
In long array—th' achievements of the dead:
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne:
Gauntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corps attends,
With feeble steps, supported by his friends.
Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
Where grov'ling while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest
Are borne behind:—the victor seis'd the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound:
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.

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Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course,
In long procession rank'd; the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
"The public care," he said, "which war attends,
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell!
Hail holy reliques! and a last farewell!"
He said no more, but, inly though he mourn'd,
Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.
Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand
A truce, with olive-branches in their hand;
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
They plead, that none those common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
All cause of hate was ended in their death!
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request,
Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.
Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:
"O Latian princes! how severe a fate
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state,
And arm'd against an unoffending man,
Who sought your friendship ere the war began!

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You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the slain, but those who live.
I came not hither but by heav'n's command,
And sent by fate to share the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjust: your king deny'd
My proffer'd friendship and my promis'd bride;
Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should try
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in dispute: the slain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend,
This is the way (so tell him) to possess
The royal virgin and restore the peace.
Bear this my message back—with ample leave
That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive."
Thus having said—th' embassadors, amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd.
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike-man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame!
Would I your justice or your force express,
Thought can but equal; and all words are less,

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Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian state.
If wish'd success our labour shall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend;
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command;
And seek alliance in some other land:
Build you the city which your fates assign;
We shall be proud in the great work to join."
Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
The rest empow'r'd, that soon a truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: and during those,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes through the groaning groves resound:
Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground:
Firs fall from high; and some the trunks receive
In loaden wains; with wedges some they cleave.
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Through the short circuit of th' Arcadian town,
Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just before
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand.
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,

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That casts a sullen splendor on their friends—
The marching troop which their dead prince attends.
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply;
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng;
Falls on the corps; and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:
"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue—
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curst essay of arms! disastrous doom!
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauspicious war!
Vain vows to heav'n, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed!
Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled—
Præscious of ills, and leaving me behind,

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To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
Beyond the gaol of nature I have gone:
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
If, for my league against th' Ausonian state,
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate
(Deserv'd from them), then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
'Twas not his fault, my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least, he led the way to victory:
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before—
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave,
Content with those the Trojan hero gave—
That fun'ral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.

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But why, unhappy man! dost thou detain
These troops, to view the tears thou shedd'st in vain?
Go, friends! this message to your lord relate:
Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead.
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below."

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night,
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light.
The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
To raise the piles along the winding strand.
Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires;
Black smould'ring smoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go:
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw

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The spoils, in battle taken from the foe—
Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel:
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms restore—
The falchions which in luckless fight they bore,
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep, expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends—
Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare.
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.
The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are bury'd in the town;
The rest, unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires;
And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,

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And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night,
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain.
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
These reliques with their country rites they grace,
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.

But, in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war—
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:
"Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain: our lot is but to serve:
'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve."
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame;

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And the queen shades him with her mighty name.
While thus their factious minds with fury burn,
The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost
And care employ'd, their embassy is lost;
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war,
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.
Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late,
A foreign son is pointed out by fate;
And, till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.
The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were try'd:
Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears undry'd.
Thus full of anxious thought, he summons all
The Latian senate to the council-hall.
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in pow'r, and rev'renc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears.
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.
When Venulus began, the murm'ring sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.

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"We have," said he, "performed your high command,
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place desir'd; with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld.
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls,
From his own Argos nam'd. We touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from the king.
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,
And tell th' important cause for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Made this return: 'Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest,
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword—
A needless ill, your ancestors abhorr'd?
We—for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came—
(Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling Simoïs to the main)
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he sought.

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Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,
Out-casts, abandon'd by the care of heav'n—
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd
In storms—the vengeful Capharean coast—
Th' Eubœan rocks—the prince, whose brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt lost. Ulysses, with his men,
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops' den.
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain
Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life—
Fell at his threshold: and the spoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
Hov'ring about the coasts they make their moan,
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid spectres in the dead of night,

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Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ.
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight: I know him, to my cost:
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd!
Heav'ns! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand:
Both brave alike, and equal in command;
Æneas, not inferior in the field,
In pious rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care

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Th' impending dangers of a fatal war."
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce."
Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course,
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
"I wish, ye Latians, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late.
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise, than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heav'n's peculiar care,
But heav'n's own race—unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,

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You see too well; nor need my words explain—
Vanquish'd without resource—laid flat by fate—
Factions within, a foe without the gate!
Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united strength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:
You see th' event.—Now hear what I propose,
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.
A tract of land the Latians have possess'd
Along the Tyber, stretching to the west,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till;
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill.
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you consent, the Trojans shall command,
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country share.
There let them build and settle, if they please;
Unless they chuse once more to cross the seas,
In search of seats remote from Italy,
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need.
Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number and the form assign:

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The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred senators
Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs,
With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear,
A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair,
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear,
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
This great affair, and save the sinking state."
Then Drances took the word, who grudg'd, long since,
The rising glories of the Daunian prince.
Factious and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword—
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne:
But, what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
"Such truths, O king," said he, "your words contain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain;
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require; but fear to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this inauspicious war began;
For whose ambition, (let me dare to say,
Fear set apart, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;

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So many valiant heroes bite the ground;
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears;
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the the fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest:
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be tied,
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the throne;
But, with a father's right, bestow your own.
For this maligner of the gen'ral good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with pray'rs implore,
Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
O cursed cause of all our ills! must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for thee?
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.

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Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
Your int'rest is, the war should never cease;
But we have felt enough, to wish the peace—
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone!
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne—
A base ignoble crowd, without a name,
Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame,
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife!
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumphs, and detain from you
The post of honour, your undoubted due.
Rather alone your matchless force employ,

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To merit what alone you must enjoy."
These words, so full of malice mix't with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd:
"You, Drances, never want a stream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our swords,
First in the council-hall to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate,
While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand,
And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand.
If any doubt remains who dares the most,
Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost,
And issue both a-breast, where honour calls—
(Foes are not far to seek without the walls)
Unless his noisy tongue can only fight,
And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.
I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies—

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What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
And how the bloody Tyber swell'd the main.
All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
Not such the Trojans try'd me, when, inclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd—
First forc'd an entrance through their thick array,
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a destructive war? So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee!
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race;
Our foes encourage and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'erthrown;
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies!
Say, rapid Aufidus with awful dread
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that 's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity:
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.

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Let that vile soul in that vile body rest;
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate—
If in your arms thus early you diffide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down so low,
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But, oh! if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers, in our veins,
That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast;
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
To shun that sight, and, dying, gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confed'rates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought;
And not a bloodless victory was bought;
Their losses equal'd ours; and, for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
Why thus, unforc'd, should we so tamely yield,
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene.

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Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain:
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs:
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd.
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
Contains an army in herself alone,
And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,
With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet, if the foe a single fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withstand;
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd.
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles, let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield!
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand:
And I alone will answer his demand.
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
The danger, nor divide the prize, of war."
While they debate, nor these nor those will yield,
Æneas draws his forces to the field,

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And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
Return, and through the frighted city spread
Th' unpleasing news. "The Trojans are descry'd,
In battle marching by the river-side,
And bending to the town." They take th' alarm:
Some tremble; some are bold: all in confusion arm.
Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field:
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield:
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply:
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,
Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods,
Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud:
"Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls."
He said, and, turning short with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.
"Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus, and Catillus, post your force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes; others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call."
They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town,

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And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gath'ring storm just breaking on the state,
Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,
And own'd his easy temper as his crime,
Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to sink new trenches; others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.
A sad procession in the streets is seen,
Of matrons that attend the mother queen:
High in her chair she sits, and, at her side,
With down-cast eyes appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands.
With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine,
Then in this common supplication join:
"O patroness of arms! unspotted maid!
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid!
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate;
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate."
Now Turnus arms for fight. His back and breast
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:
The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold,

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Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful falchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:
But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends.
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.

Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds,
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood;
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, and their virgin leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:
"If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth that can all tests indure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely

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Greatly to dare to conquer or to die;
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown:
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town."
Turnus a while stood mute with glad surprise,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes,
Then thus return'd: "O grace of Italy:
With what becoming thanks can I reply?
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast;
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.
Yet rob me not of all; but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan not in stratagem unskill'd,
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:
Himself, through steep ascents and thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare;
With chosen foot his passage to forelay,
And place an ambush in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse:
The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce
With those of Tibur, and the Latian band,
Subjected all to thy supreme command."
This said, he warns Messapus to the war

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Then ev'ry chief exhorts with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.
  Inclos'd with hills a winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise.
A narrow track, by human steps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands,
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.
The top is level—an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress;
To drive 'em headlong downward; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony show'r.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.
  Meantime, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: "Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes—
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train,

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Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
'Twas born with her; and with her years it grew.
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum for tyrannic sway,
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother: but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther flight restrains,
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste,
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore:
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space;
With twigs of bending osier bound the case,
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight,
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight;

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'Accept, great goddess of the woods, (he said)
Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!
Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.'
He said; and with full force the spear he threw:
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound:
Nor, after that, in towns which walls inclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie:
Earth was his couch; his cov'ring was the sky.
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed.
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry savage beast,
He drew, and through her lips the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon could scarcely go—
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.

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Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
The flying dart she first attempts to fling,
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling;
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.
The Tuscan matrons with each other vied
To bless their rival sons with such a bride:
But she disdains their love, to share with me
The silvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
And, oh! I wish, contented with my cares
Of savage spoils, she had not sought the wars:
Then had she been of my celestial train,
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
But since, opposing heav'n's decree, she goes
To find her death among forbidden foes,
Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,
Where, with the gods averse, the Latins fight.
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This chosen arrow, to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid
To bear the breathless body of my maid:

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Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand,
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."
She said. The faithful nymph descends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.
By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force
Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers bound,
Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground.
Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;
These in the body plac'd, on either hand
Sustain'd and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
And less and less the middle space appears.
Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce are seen
The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.
In distance of their darts they stop their course;
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
The face of heav'n their flying jav'lins hide;
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus void of fear,
By mettled coursers borne in full career,

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Meet first oppos'd; and, with a mighty shock,
Their horses' heads against each other knock.
Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.
The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight.
Spurring at speed, to their own walls they drew;
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the chase;
Till, seis'd with shame, they wheel about, and face,
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.
So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore,
Bound o'er the rocks, encroach upon the land,
And far upon the beach eject the sand;
Then backward, with a swing, they take their way,
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother sea;
With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore,
And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.
Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran —

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Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man.
Now dying groans are heard; the fields are strow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood.
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
Orsilochus, who durst not press too near
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,
And struck the steel beneath his horses ear.
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,
His helpless lord cast backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart.
Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine died,
And death, with honour, sought on either side.
Resistless, through the war Camilla rode,
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.

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Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play;
Now with her axes edge she hews her way:
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride—
Italians all—in peace, their queen's delight,
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;
With such return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony shields:
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain-ash. Eunæus first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Liris and Pagasus at once she slew:

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The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,
Of his faint steed—the latter as he stretch'd
His arm to prop his friend—the jav'lin reach'd.
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain:
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun,
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornytus bestrode a hunter steed,
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.
Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown:
O'er his broad back an oxes hide was thrown;
His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,
And tow'r'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
Him soon she singled from the flying train,
And slew with ease: then thus insults the slain:
"Vain hunter! didst thou think through woods to chase
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory:
A woman warrior was too strong for thee.
Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,

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Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."
Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew —
But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply;
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her axe, and rises to the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
To see his fall, nor farther dares advance;
But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly;
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least while Fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, " What courage have you shown,
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horse; alight;
And then on equal terms begin the fight:

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It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man."
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,
And leaves her horse at large among her train;
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
"Vain fool, and coward!" said the lofty maid.
"Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire."
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horses head:
Then turning short, at once she seis'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.

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Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,
With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,
And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides;
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.
"What panic fear has seis'd your souls? O shame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!
Cowards incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters, your ignoble band!
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;
When to fat off'rings the glad augur calls,
And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.
These are your study'd cares, your lewd delight —
Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight."
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to lose.
The first he found he seis'd, with headlong haste,
In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the waist:
'Twas Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,
And (laid athwart his own,) in triumph bore.

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Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains,
Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the strife,
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmost vigour, and the point averts.
So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent through the sky,
Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey:
The pris'ner hisses through the liquid way;
Resists the royal hawk; and, though oppress'd,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest:
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat-
'ning tail.
Against the victor, all defence is weak:
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak;
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores,
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press

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The Latins, and presume the like success.
Then Arruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespy'd, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chace,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings; and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er:
A robe of Tyrian die the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds;
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flow'rs of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize,

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Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.
Blind in her haste, she chaces him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose;
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to heav'n address'd his vows:
"O patron of Soracte's high abodes!
Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods!
Whom first we serve: whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soles,
Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals.
Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home."
Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd: his safe return
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.
Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes.

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Directed by the sound. Of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Arruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands;
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands:
The wood she draws, the steely point remains:
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains;
(A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies)
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:

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"Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus: fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:—
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive."
She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein:
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword; she nods her plumy crest,
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.
A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd;
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.
But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war,
Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the plain,
Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,
And, round her corps, of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
"Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid!

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For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid:
Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after-ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain:
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain."

High o'er the field, there stood a hilly mound —
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around —
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Arruns from the height.
Him in refulgent arms she soon espy'd,
Swoln with success; and loudly thus she cry'd:
"Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message to Camilla go,
And say I sent thee to the shades below —
An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow."

She said, and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed;
Then to the stubborn yew her strength apply'd,
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.

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The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.
Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursu'd,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.

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Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout:
'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd:
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts to gall the foe.
Their lives, for godlike freedom, they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings came th' unhappy maid:
"The Volscians overthrown — Camilla kill'd —
The foes, entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town."
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the Furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require)

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He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain.
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Through the black forest and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take,
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies now in open fields are seen;
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend. Æneas sees,
Through smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies;
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,
While night with sable wings involves the sky.

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ÆNEÏS,

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,
Himself become the mark of public spite,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight —
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the last debate,
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.
As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace;

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But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel; he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares: his eye-balls flash with fire;
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
"No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce: the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight:
This arm unaided shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain."
To whom the king sedately thus reply'd:
"Brave youth! the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due respect
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities which your arms have made your own:
My towns and treasures are at your command;

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And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties, and of honour, broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war —
With what success, 'tis needless to declare;
I and my subjects feel; and you have had your share.
Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians blanch the neighb'ring shore.
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?

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If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should I not procure it whilst you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And, should you fall in fight, (which heav'n defend!)
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war:
Pity your parent's age; and ease his care."

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:
The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,
With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief:
"The care, O best of fathers! which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake,
Permit me not to languish out my days,
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies.
His goddess mother is not near, to shrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud."

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
"O Turnus! I adjure thee by these tears,

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And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking ages prop—
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne—
Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,
To wave the combat, and pursue the war,
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.
I cannot live a slave, or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son."
At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian iv'ry shows,
Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
"O mother! do not by your tears prepare

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Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heav'n my death decree"—
Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
" Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news:
Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall die, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide:
And to the victor be the beauteous bride:"

He said, and, striding on with speedy pace,
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toss their heads on high,
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The sires of these Orithyia sent from far,
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth their pride.

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain-brass.
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he tied,

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And girt his faithful falchion to his side.
In his Ætnæan forge, the god of fire
That falchion labour'd for the hero's sire,
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:
Then cry'd, "O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain!
Fail not this day thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe;
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil."
Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight:
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy:
He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.
Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,

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To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;
To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates
What heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.
The morn ensuing, from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' etherial coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day;
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass,
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they place.
In purest white, the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear and holy fire;
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.
In order issuing from the town, appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight:

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A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple died—
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus, born of seed divine.
The sign is giv'n; and, round the listed space,
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the sight, a num'rous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls, and houses' tops, are lin'd.
Meantime the queen of heav'n beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name.)
She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd—
Compress'd by force, but, by the grateful god,
Now made the Naïs of the neighb'ring flood.
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes! (said she)

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O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me!
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,
The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord.
Of ev'ry Latian fair, whom Jove misled
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace,
But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While Fortune favour'd, nor heav'n's king deny'd
To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state:
But now he struggles with unequal fate,
And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight;
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the sight.
Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply:
It well becomes a sister's care to try."

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate:
New tumults kindle; violate the truce.
Who knows what changeful Fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree;
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."

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She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear :
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear :
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook :
Then issu'd from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line ;
And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears,
And off'rings to the flaming altars bears—
A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd shears.
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal : with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds ;
With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd :
" All-seeing sun ! and thou, Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil !
Thou, king of heav'n ! and thou, the queen of air,

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Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r.
Thou, god of war, whose unresisted sway
The labours and events of arms obey!
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods!
All pow'rs of ocean, all etherial gods!
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;
Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:
All claims, all questions of debate, shall cease;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But, if my juster arms prevail in fight,
(As sure they shall, if I divine aright)
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd, shall remain.
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I ask but altars for my weary gods.
The care of those religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I resign:
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share
His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town shall frame,
And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name."
Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar stands.
" By the same heav'n, (said he) and earth, and main,

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And all the pow'rs that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus, what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names:
Whatever chance befall on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the stedfast tenor of my mind;
Not, though the circling seas should break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
Not, though the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal sceptre" (for he bore
A sceptre in his hand) "shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth —
An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear."

When thus in public view the peace was tied
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require,
The victim beasts are slain before the fire,
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,

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And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem'd their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd;
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.
Now, side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And, while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.
With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs she heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertes' mien, his habit, and his look —
A chief of ancient blood: — in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran.
And hum'ring their first motions, thus began:
" For shame, Rutulians! can you bear the sight

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Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count them as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life,
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land,
Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd,"
With words like these, she carry'd her design,
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd;
Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,

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Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes;
Then, stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight:
But, while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold, the dastard fowl return anew.
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;
Nor can th' encumber'd bird sustain their force;
But, vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
"At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd!
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods! I take your omen, and obey.—
Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea

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By strength united, and forego the prey.
Your timely succour to your country bring;
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king."
He said: and, pressing onward through the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,
Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew,
A passage through the jointed arms it found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their jav'lins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace
And meet their ardour in the middle space.
The Tuscans, Trojans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate:

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With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,
With chargers, bowls and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray.
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting prease,
At king Aulestes, by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;
And, with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There pitching on his shoulders and his head,
Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.
The beamy spear descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and through his body drove.
Then, with a scornful smile the victor cries:
"The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."
Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armour, and uncrown his head.
Priest Corynæus arm'd his better hand,

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From his own altar, with a blazing brand;
And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face;
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;
The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
Following the blow, he seis'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him down.
The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
And plung'd his holy poignard in his breast.
While Podalirius, with his sword, pursu'd
The shepherd Alsus through the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
And cleaves the chin with one continu'd wound:
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms around.
An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands:
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud:
"What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans! cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human sanctions, and by laws divine,

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The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe."
Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince.
But, whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hostile god, was found,
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.
When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:
At once his arms and coursers he requires;
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches; over these he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls.
In vain the vanquish'd fly: the victor sends
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.
Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,

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Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
(Dire faces, and deform'd) surround the car—
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain;
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and, when they bound,
The gore and gath'ring dust are dash'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:
From far the sons of Imbrasus he slew,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew—
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.
Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,
But emulated more his father's fame—
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry—
Hard enterprise! and well he might require
Achilles' car and horses, for his hire.

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But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar,
And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car,
Then lightly leaping down, pursu'd the blow,
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
"Possess," said he, "the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand;
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land!"
Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris, he slew,
Whom o'er his neck the flound'ring courser threw.
As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main:
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Ægæan shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;
His crest of horses hair is blown behind
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain,
And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and seis'd the rein.

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Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,
The coursers frighted, and their course control'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and held
Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield,
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often try'd,
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,

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That, for his love he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phœbean bays.
Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heav'nly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice.
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain—
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near;
And first their friends, and then their foes, appear:
Their friends retreat: their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright:
The hissing shafts within the trench alight:

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An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky —
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.
But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought —
(Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd)
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
And od'rous panacee. Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands,
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd,
Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound;

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And first the footsteps of a god he found.
"Arms! arms!" he cries: "the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.
Some god our gen'ral to the battle sends;
Some god preserves his life for greater ends."
The hero arms in haste, his hands infold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This gripes the lance, and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,
And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun:
"My son! from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth:
Assert thy birth-right; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son."
He said; and, striding, issu'd on the plain.

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Antheus and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train,
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads: and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As, when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore
From the mid ocean, drives the waves before;
The painful hind with heavy heart foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.
And now both armies shock in open field;
Osiris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' hand.
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embru'd

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With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the fields the frighted Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few.
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seis'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien,
And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.
As the black swallow near the palace plies:
O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows;
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, amd calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,

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And far away the Daunian hero bears.
What should he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail.
The great Messapus thund'ring through the field,
In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held:
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour, threw.
Æneas saw it come, and, stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight,
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field;
Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress;
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, what numbers can display,
The various labours of that fatal day?
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd?
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove! could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,

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Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite?
Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground;
Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;
First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw:
Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, Tanaïs, Talus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onytes, added to the rest—
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew; nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menœtes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.

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Poor was his house: his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown:
The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
The frighted silvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their diff'rent ways; nor less destruction make.
With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field:
And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.
Murrhanus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels, that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

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Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,
Affronted Turnus in the middle space;
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd a deadly spear:
So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Cisseus, could'st thou 'scape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupencus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword,
Which to his naked heart pursu'd the course;
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.
Iölas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,
Were doom'd to kill, while heav'n prolong'd his date:
But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by Fate?
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hosts their broken troops unite
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Serestus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.

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They strike; they push; they throng the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace:
And, where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town:
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.
Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight:
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height:
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us; and what I have decreed,
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare,
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,
Shall, level with the plain, in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:

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Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires:
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires." 840
He finish'd; and—one soul inspiring all—
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders, bear; 845
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly;
And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heav'n his pious hands, 850
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince;
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Dissenting clamours in the town arise: 855
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war, contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.
The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng,
And (whate'er tide prevails) is borne along. 860

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Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.
But Fate and envious Fortune now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown,
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear:—
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain,
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods; she beats her breast;
She tears with both her hands her purple vest:
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks: the rest her sorrow share:

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With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumour fills the public place:
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes;
With filth his venerable beard besmears;
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of woman-kind,
And soon reduc'd to change what he so well design'd—
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains;
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.
Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind —
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
" Alas!" said he, " what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town arise?"
Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls the reins.
She, who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: " Neglect, my lord, these new alarms:

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Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms;
There want not others to defend the wall.
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success."

To this, the prince: "O sister! — for I knew,
The peace infring'd proceeded first from you:
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight:
And now in vain you would deceive my sight —
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air,
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?
These eyes beheld Murrhanus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death.
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place,
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine a manly corps he lies;
His vest and armour are the victor's prize.
Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted, to complete my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight!

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How Drances will insult, and point them to the sight!
Is death so hard to bear?—Ye gods below!
(Since those above so small compassion show)
Receive a soul unsully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name."
He said: and, while he spoke, with flying speed
Came Saces urging on his foamy steed:
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
"Turnus! on you, on you alone, depends
Our last relief:—compassionate your friends!
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms invests, with flames invades, the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire.
All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice—
Doubts to deliver or defend the town,
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe,
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.

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You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands."
Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought,
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd,
And bridges laid above to join the space,
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
"Sister! the Fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which heav'n and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd: nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die."
He said: and, leaping down without delay,
Through crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.

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As, when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots —
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep:
Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep:
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;
Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from earth rebound:
So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts and spears and darts promiscuous flew,
And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrue.
First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat cease;
" Rutulians, hold! and, Latin troops, retire!
The fight is mine; and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state,
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate."
Both armies from their bloody work desist,
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,

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Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls:
Greedy of war where greater glory calls,
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Apennine, when, white with snows,
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations over-aw'd, surcease the fight;
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight;
Ev'n death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams below.
In silent order either army stands,
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They launch their spears; then hand to hand they meet.
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage

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With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As, when two bulls for their fair female fight
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height,
With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event — which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound, return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the wood:
Such was the combat in the listed ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.
Jove sets the beam: in either scale he lays
The champions' fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this side, life, and lucky chance ascends:
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side,
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death or flight: disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.

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Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held:
But, vain against the great Vulcanian shield,
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd:
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace —
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse —
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.
Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears,
Still op'ning, following still, where'er he steers:
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand:

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His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds his prey:
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear:
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air:
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy;
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course,
With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already, round the listed place,
One chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for, on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.
Within the space, an olive-tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.
Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.

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With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
Th' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree;
That, whom his fainting limbs pursu'd in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus, pray'd:
"O Faunus! pity! and thou, mother Earth,
Where I thy foster-son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd,
Propitious hear my pious pray'r!" He said,
Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time; and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again,
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.
The queen of love—who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief—
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,

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From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;
And both resolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
"What new arrest, O queen of heav'n! is sent
To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' event?
What further hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Æneas, (and thou know'st it too)
Fore-doom'd, to these celestial seats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade?
Is it becoming of the due respect
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel,
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what, without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in def'rence to my love, forbear,
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload: —
Who should relieve the goddess, but the god?

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Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end.
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r,
Toss'd on the seas thou could'st thy foes distress,
And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress;
Deform the royal house; and, from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:—
Now cease at my command." The thund'rer said:
And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made:
" Because your dread decree too well I knew,
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
Else should you not behold me here, alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan,
But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life,
At least to try; but (by the Stygian lake—
The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now, resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land,

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That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name,
Speak the same language which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy, with that detested town.
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain."
Then thus the founder of mankind replies:
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes)
" Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood, th' Ausonian people, sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue:
The Trojans to their customs shall be tied.
I will, myself, their common rites provide.
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,

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Or greater off'rings on your altars lay."
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.
The peace thus made, the thund'rer next prepares
To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three daughters, at a birth, were born to Night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indu'd with windy wings, to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.
In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath, and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One sister plague of these from heav'n he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction flies.

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With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the Night.
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew —
Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,
Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings.
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with horror stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,
And stridor of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.
" Ah me!" she cries— " in this unequal strife,
What can thy sister more to save thy life?
Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
In arms with that inexorable fiend?
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!
The lashing of your wings I know too well,
The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!

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These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb?"
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,
Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair;
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.
Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war:
Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie!"

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The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:
"No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hostile heav'n I dread, and partial Jove."
He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground —
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy.
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load;
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die:

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So Turnus far'd: whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The Fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.
A thousand various thoughts his soul confound:
He star'd about; nor aid nor issue found:
His own men stop the pass; and his own walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cow'rs beneath his conqu'ring foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.
The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
Nought could his sev'nfold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
It pierc'd through all, and with a grisly wound
Transfix'd his thigh and doubled him to ground.

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With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think, oh! think, if mercy may be shown,
(Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son)
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And, for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life:
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife."
In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoil which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries,
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes)

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Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad Soul a grateful offring go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.

Ovid. Metam.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Nov.r 1.1801.

Ja.s Fittler Sculp.

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" Traitor ! dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."
He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around;
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

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POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

READER.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the begining, the prosecution, and conclusion, of my pre-

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sent studies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting (especially the last) in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold, to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but, since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent: for who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled — to do his patient

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no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraign'd others.

——————— Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit ———————

It is enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the mean time, I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet—have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me: but how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion! amongst whom I cannot omit naming the earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserved. The present earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the ten-

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ders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion has been able to withdraw his protection from me. And I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that, if the last Æneïd shine amongst its fellows, it is owing to the commands of sir William Trumball, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and for his sake particularly I have made it mine: for who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a Muse, for this last office.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa ———
——— ——— Negat quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, esq. the worthy son of the late archbishop of York, who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin; amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphin's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman, sir Wil-

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liam Bowyer, to Denham Court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneïd. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder, therefore, if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The seventh Æneïd was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the earl of Exeter. In a village belonging to his family I was born; and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneïd appear in English with as much lustre as I could; though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticise my master.

By a letter from Will. Walsh, of Abberley, esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critic of our nation) I have been informed that his grace the duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six first Æneïds, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert, has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgement, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as

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well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him, and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls The Power of Love, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his; as my lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his Bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's Praise of a Country Life is excellent, but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power. I desire pardon from my readers for saying so much in relation to myself which concerns not them; and, with my acknowledgments to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few Notes which follow, are *par manière d' acquit*, because I

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had obliged myself by articles to do somewhat of that kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The unlearned may have recourse to any poetical dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not: but that little which I say, is either new or necessary; and the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.

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NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON

VIRGIL'S WORKS

IN

ENGLISH.

PASTORAL I. Line 60.

There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd.

Virgil means Octavius Cæsar, heir to Julius; who perhaps had not arrived to his twentieth year, when Virgil saw him first. *Vide* his Life. *Of heavenly birth*, or heavenly blood; because the Julian family was derived from Iülus, son to Æneas, and grand-son to Venus.

PASTORAL II. Line 65.

The short narcissus ———

That is, of short continuance.

PASTORAL III. Line 95.

For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep.

Phœbus, not Pan, is here called the god of shepherds. The poet alludes to the same story which he touches in

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the beginning of the second Georgic, where he calls Phœbus the Amphrysian shepherd, because he fed the sheep and oxen of Admetus (with whom he was in love) on the hill Amphrysus.

PASTORAL IV. Line 73.

Begin, auspicious boy, &c.

in Latin thus,

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem, &c.

I have translated the passage to this sense — that the infant, smiling on his mother, singles her out from the rest of the company about him. Erythræus, Bembus, and Joseph Scaliger, are of this opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken: for, immediately after, we find these words, *cui non risere parentes*, which imply another sense, as if the parents smiled on the new-born infant; and that the babe on whom they vouchsafed not to smile, was born to ill fortune: for they tell a story, that when Vulcan, the only son of Jupiter and Juno, came into the world, he was so hard-favoured, that both his parents frowned on him, and Jupiter threw him out of heaven: he fell on the island Lemnos, and was lame ever afterwards. The last line of the Pastoral seems to justify this sense,

Nec Deus hunc mensâ, Dea nec dignata cubili est.

For, though he married Venus, yet his mother Juno was not present at the nuptials to bless them; as appears by his wife's incontinence. They say also, that he was banished from the banquets of the gods. If so, that punishment could be of no long continuance; for Homer makes him present at their feasts, and composing a quarrel betwixt his parents with a bowl of nectar. The matter is of no great consequence; and therefore I adhere to my

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translation, for these two reasons: first, Virgil has this following line,

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses,

as if the infant's smiling on his mother was a reward to her for bearing him ten months in her body, four weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, Catullus is cited by Joseph Scaliger, as favouring this opinion, in his Epithalamium of Manlius Torquatus:

Torquatus, volo, parvolus,
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem, &c.

What if I should steer betwixt the two extremities, and conclude that the infant, who was to be happy, must not only smile on his parents, but also they on him? For Scaliger notes that the infants who smiled not at their birth, were observed to be αγελαστοι, or sullen (as I have translated it), during all their life; and Servius, and almost all the modern commentators, affirm that no child was thought fortunate, on whom his parents smiled not at his birth. I observe, farther, that the ancients thought the infant who came into the world at the end of the tenth month, was born to some extraordinary fortune, good or bad. Such was the birth of the late prince of Condé's father, of whom his mother was not brought to bed, till almost eleven months were expired after his father's death: yet the college of physicians at Paris concluded he was lawfully begotten. My ingenious friend, Anthony Henley, esq. desired me to make a note on this passage of Virgil; adding (what I had not read) that the Jews have been so superstitious, as to observe not only the first look or action of an infant, but also the first word which the parent or any of the assistants spoke

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after the birth: and from thence they gave a name to the child, alluding to it.

PASTORAL VI. My lord Roscommon's notes on this Pastoral are equal to his excellent translation of it; and thither I refer the reader.

The Eighth and Tenth PASTORALS are already translated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent friend Mr. Stafford. So is the episode of Camilla, in the eleventh Æneïd.

This Eighth Pastoral is copied by our author from two Bucolics of Theocritus. Spenser has followed both Virgil and Theocritus, in the charms which he employs for curing Britomartis of her love. But he had also our poet's Ceiris in his eye: for there not only the enchantments are to be found, but also the very name of Britomartis.

In the Ninth PASTORAL, Virgil has made a collection of many scattering passages, which he had translated from Theocritus: and here he has bound them into a nosegay.

GEORGIC I. The poetry of this book is more sublime than any part of Virgil, if I have any taste. And if ever I have copied his majestic style, it is here. The compliment he makes Augustus almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his successors, Lucan and Statius. They dedicated to tyrants; and their flatteries are gross and fulsome. Virgil's address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last lines of this Georgic, I think I have discovered a secret compliment to the emperor, which none of the commentators have observed. Virgil had just before described the miseries which Rome had undergone betwixt the triumvirs and the commonwealth party: in the close of all, he seems to excuse the crimes

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committed by his patron Cæsar, as if he were constrained, against his own temper, to those violent proceedings, by the necessity of the times in general, but more particularly by his two partners, Antony and Lepidus—

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

They were the headstrong horses, who hurried Octavius, the trembling charioteer, along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe farther, that the present wars, in which all Europe and part of Asia are engaged at present, are waged in the same places here described:

Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania, bellum, &c.

as if Virgil had prophesied of this age.

GEORGIC II. The Praises of Italy, (translated by the learned and every way excellent Mr. Chetwood) which are printed in one of my Miscellany Poems, are the greatest ornament of this book: wherein, for want of sufficient skill in gardening, agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some terms. But, concerning grafting, my honoured friend sir William Bowyer has assured me, that Virgil has shewn more of poetry than skill, at least in relation to our more northern climates; and that many of our stocks will not receive such grafts as our poet tells us would bear in Italy. Nature has conspired with art to make the garden at Denham Court, of sir William's own plantation, one of the most delicious spots of ground in England: it contains not above five acres (just the compass of Alcinoüs's garden, described in the Odysses): but Virgil says, in this very Georgic,

——— *Laudato ingentia rura;*
Exiguum colito.

GEORGIC III. Line 45.

Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn, &c.

It has been objected to me, that I understood not this

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passage of Virgil, because I call Niphates a river, which is a mountain in Armenia. But the river arising from the same mountain is also called Niphates: and, having spoken of Nile before, I might reasonably think that Virgil rather meant to couple two rivers, than a river and a mountain.

Line 224.

The male has done, *&c.*

The transition is obscure in Virgil. He began with cows, then proceeds to treat of horses, now returns to cows.

Line 476.

Till the new Ram receives th' exalted sun.

Astrologers tell us that the sun receives his exaltation in the sign Aries: Virgil perfectly understood both astronomy and atrology.

Georgic IV. Line 27.

That, when the youthful prince ———

My most ingenious friend, sir Henry Shere, has observed through a glass hive, that the young prince of the bees, or heir presumptive of the crown, approaches the king's apartment with great reverence; and, for three successive mornings, demands permission to lead forth a colony of that year's bees. If his petition be granted (which he seems to make by humble hummings), the swarm arises under his conduct. If the answer be, *le roi s' avisera* — that is, if the old monarch think it not convenient for the public good to part with so many of his subjects — the next morning the prince is found dead before the threshold of the palace.

Line 477. The poet here records the names of fifteen river-nymphs; and for once I have translated them all. But in the Æneïs I thought not myself obliged to be so exact; for, in naming many men who were killed by he-

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roes, I have omitted some, which would not sound in English verse.

Line 660. The episode of Orpheus and Eurydice begins here, and contains the only machine which Virgil uses in the Georgics. I have observed, in the epistle before the Æneïs, that our author seldom employs machines but to adorn his poem, and that the action which they seemingly perform, is really produced without them. Of this nature is the legend of the bees restored by miracle; when the receipt which the poet gives, would do the work without one. The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto, where God commands St. Michael to take care, that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the archangel to find Silence and Discord — the first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much secrecy, that their march should not be discovered — the latter to enter the camp of the infidels, and there to sow dissention among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery — not doubting there to find Silence in her primitive abode — but, instead of Silence, finds Discord: the monks, being divided into factions about the choice of some new officer, were at *snic* and *snee* with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks.

ÆNEÏD I. Line 111.

And make thee father of a happy line.

This was an obliging promise to Æolus, who had been

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so unhappy in his former children, Macareus and Canace.

Line 196.

> The realms of ocean, and the fields of air,
> Are mine, not his.

Poetically speaking, the *fields of air* are under the command of Juno, and her vicegerent Æolus. Why then does Neptune call them his? I answer, Because, being god of the seas, Æolus could raise no tempest in the atmosphere above them without his leave. But why does Juno address to her own substitute? I answer, He had an immediate power over the winds, whom Juno desires to employ on her revenge. That power was absolute by land; which Virgil plainly insinuates: for, when Boreas and his brethren were let loose, he says at first, *terras turbine perflant* — then adds, *Incubuere mari.* To raise a tempest on the sea, was usurpation on the prerogative of Neptune, who had given him no leave, and therefore was enraged at his attempt. I may also add, that they who are in a passion, as Neptune then was, are apt to assume to themselves more than is properly their due.

Line 451.

> O virgin ——— &c.
> If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
> Or one at least of chaste Diana's train ——

thus in the original —

> *O quam te memorem, virgo* ——— ———
> *An Phœbi soror, an nympharum sanguinis una?*

This is a family compliment, which Æneas here bestows on Venus. His father Anchises had used the very same to that goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very ancient Greek poem *, in which that amour

* The Hymn on Venus. Ed.

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is so beautifully described, and which is thought Homer's; though it seems to be written before his age.

Line 979.

——— Her princely guest
Was next her side.

This, I confess, is improperly translated, and according to the modern fashion of sitting at table. But the ancient custom of lying on beds had not been understood by the unlearned reader.

ÆNEÏD II. The destruction of Veii is here shadowed under that of Troy. Livy, in his description of it, seems to have emulated in his prose, and almost equaled, the beauty of Virgil's verse.

ÆNEÏD III. Verse 132.

And children's children shall the crown sustain.
Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

Virgil translated this verse from Homer: Homer had it from Orpheus, and Orpheus from an ancient oracle of Apollo. On this account it is that Virgil immediately subjoins these words, *Hæc Phœbus*, &c. Eustathius takes notice, that the old poets were wont to take whole paragraphs from one another; which justifies our poet for what he borrows from Homer. Bochartus, in his letter to Ségrais, mentions an oracle which he found in the fragments of an old Greek historian, the sense whereof is this in English, that, when the empire of the Priamidæ should be destroyed, the line of Anchises should succeed. Venus therefore, says the historian, was desirous to have a son by Anchises, though he was then in his decrepit age: accordingly she had Æneas. After this, she sought occasion to ruin the race of Priam, and set on foot the intrigue of Alexander (or Paris) with Helena. She being

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ravished, Venus pretended still to favour the Trojans, lest they should restore Helen, in case they should be reduced to the last necessity. Whence it appears, that the controversy betwixt Juno and Venus was on no trivial account, but concerned the succession to a great empire.

ÆNEÏD IV. Line 945.

——— And must I die, she said,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.

This is certainly the sense of Virgil, on which I have paraphrased, to make it plain. His words are these:

——— ——— ——— ——— *Moriemur inultæ?*
Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Servius makes an interrogation at the word *sic*; thus, *sic? Sic juvat ire sub umbras;* which Mr. Cowley justly censures: but his own judgement may perhaps be questioned: for he would retrench the latter part of the verse, and leave it a hemistich — *Sed moriamur, ait.* That Virgil never intended to have left any hemistich, I have proved already in the preface. That this verse was filled up by him with these words, *sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras,* is very probable, if we consider the weight of them: for this procedure of Dido does not only contain that *dira execratio, quæ nullo expiatur carmine** (as Horace observes in his Canidia), but, besides that, Virgil, who is full of allusions to history, under another name, describes the Decii devoting themselves to death this way, though in a

* Read

——— *dira detestatio*
Nullâ expiatur victimâ. Epod. v. 89. ED.

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better cause, in order to the destruction of the enemy. The reader, who will take the pains to consult Livy in his accurate description of those Decii thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two passages. And it is judiciously observed upon that verse,

——— *Nulla fides populis nec fœdera sunto,*

that Virgil uses, in the word *sunto*, a *verbum juris*, a form of speaking on solemn and religious occasions. Livy does the like. Note also, that Dido puts herself into the *habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding herself round with one sleeve of her vest; which is also according to the Roman pontifical, in this dreadful ceremony, as Livy has observed; which is a farther confirmation of this conjecture. So that, upon the whole matter, Dido only doubts whether she should die before she had taken her revenge, which she rather wished: but, considering that this devoting herself was the most certain and infallible way of compassing her vengeance, she thus exclaims:

——— *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras!*
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, et nostræ secum ferat omina mortis!

Those flames from far may the false Trojan view;
Those boding omens his base flight pursue!

which translation I take to be according to the sense of Virgil. I should have added a note on that former verse,

Infelix Dido! nunc te fata impia tangunt —

which, in the edition of Heinsius, is thus printed, *nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta*, instead of *fata*, is reasonably altered: for Virgil says afterwards, she died not by fate, nor by any deserved death — *nec fato, me-*

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ritâ nec morte, peribat, &c. When I translated that passage, I doubted of the sense, and therefore omitted that hemistich, *nunc te fata impia tangunt.* But Heinsius is mistaken only in making an interrogation-point instead of a period. The words *facta impia,* I suppose, are genuine; for she had perjured herself in her second marriage, having firmly resolved, as she told her sister in the beginning of this Æneïd, never to love again, after the death of her first husband; and had confirmed this resolution by a curse on herself, if she should alter it—

Sed mihi vel tellus, optem, prius ima dehiscat, &c.
Ante, pudor, quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

ÆNEÏD V. A great part of this book is borrowed from Apollonius Rhodius; and the reader may observe the great judgement and distinction of our author in what he borrows from the ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the reason why he omits the horse-race in the funeral games, was because he shews Ascanius afterwards on horseback, with his troops of boys, and would not wear that subject thread-bare, which Statius, in the next age, described so happily. Virgil seems to me to have excelled Homer in those sports, and to have laboured them the more in honour of Octavius, his patron, who instituted the like games for perpetuating the memory of his uncle Julius; piety, as Virgil calls it, or dutifulness to parents, being a most popular virtue among the Romans.

ÆNEÏD VI. Line 586.

The next in place and punishment are they,
Who prodigally threw their lives away, &c.

Proxima sorte tenent mœsti loca, qui sibi letum

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Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi,
Projecere animas, &c.

This was taken, amongst many other things, from the tenth book of *Plato de Republicâ:* no commentator, besides Fabrini, has taken notice of it. Self-murder was accounted a great crime by that divine philosopher; but the instances which he brings, are too many to be inserted in these short notes. Sir Robert Howard, in his translation of this Æneïd, which was printed with his poems in the year 1660, has given us the most learned and the most judicious observations on this book, which are extant in our language.

Line 734.

Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance 'till my years expire.

These two verses in English seem very different from the Latin—

Discedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

Yet they are the sense of Virgil; at least, according to the common interpretation of this place—"I will withdraw from your company, retire to the shades, and perform my penance of a thousand years." But I must confess, the interpretation of those two words, *explebo numerum,* is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum*; that is, I will lessen your company by my departure: for Deïphobus, being a ghost, can hardly be said to be of their number. Perhaps the poet means by *explebo numerum, absolvam sententiam;* as if Deïphobus replied to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long visit, "I will only take my last leave of Æneas, my kinsman and my friend, with one hearty good wish for his health and welfare, and then leave you to prosecute your voyage."

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That wish is expressed in the words immediately following, *I, decus, i, nostrum,* &c. which contain a direct answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long discourse, *nos flendo ducimus horas.* This conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the reader.

Line 981.

Know first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, *&c.*

Principio cælum, et terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra, &c.

Here the sun is not expressed, but the moon only, though a less, and also a less radiant, light. Perhaps the copies of Virgil are all false, and that, instead of *Titaniaque astra,* he writ *Titanaque, et astra;* and according to these words I have made my translation. It is most certain, that the sun ought not to be omitted; for he is frequently called the life and soul of the world: and nothing bids so fair for a visible divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious luminary. The Platonists call God the archetypal sun, and the sun the visible deity, the inward vital spirit in the centre of the universe, or that body to which that spirit is united, and by which it exerts itself most powerfully. Now it was the received hypothesis amongst the Pythagoreans, that the sun was situate in the centre of the world. Plato had it from them, and was himself of the same opinion, as appears by a passage in the *Timæus;* from which noble dialogue is this part of Virgil's poem taken.

Line 1157.

Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd, *&c.*

Quis te, magne Cato, &c.

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There is no question but Virgil here means Cato Major, or the censor. But the name of Cato being also mentioned in the eighth Æneïd, I doubt whether he means the same man in both places. I have said in the preface, that our poet was of republican principles; and have given this for one reason of my opinion, that he praised Cato in that line,

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem —

and accordingly placed him in the Elysian fields. Montaigne thinks this was Cato the Utican, the great enemy of arbitrary power, and a professed foe to Julius Cæsar. Ruæus would persuade us that Virgil meant the censor. But why should the poet name Cato twice, if he intended the same person? Our author is too frugal of his words and sense, to commit tautologies in either. His memory was not likely to betray him into such an error. Nevertheless I continue in the same opinion concerning the principles of our poet. He declares them sufficiently in this book, where he praises the first Brutus for expelling the Tarquins, giving liberty to Rome, and putting to death his own children, who conspired to restore tyranny. He calls him only an unhappy man, for being forced to that severe action —

Infelix! utcunque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

Let the reader weigh these two verses; and he must be convinced that I am in the right, and that I have not much injured my master in my translation of them.

Line 1144.

Embrace again, my sons; be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.

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This note, which is out of its proper place, I deferred on purpose, to place it here, because it discovers the principles of our poet more plainly than any of the rest.

Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo:
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!

Anchises here speaks to Julius Cæsar, and commands him first to lay down his arms; which is a plain condemnation of his cause. Yet observe our poet's incomparable address: for, though he shews himself sufficiently to be a commonwealth's-man—yet, in respect to Augustus, who was his patron, he uses the authority of a parent, in the person of Anchises, who had more right to lay this injunction on Cæsar than on Pompey, because the latter was not of his blood. Thus our author cautiously veils his own opinion, and takes sanctuary under Anchises; as if that ghost would have laid the same command on Pompey also, had he been lineally descended from him. What could be more judiciously contrived, when this was the Æneïd which he chose to read before his master?

Line 1222.

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.

In Virgil thus:

Tu Marcellus eris.

How unpoetically and badly had this been translated, *Thou shalt Marcellus be!* Yet some of my friends were of opinion that I mistook the sense of Virgil in my translation. The French interpreter observes nothing on this place, but that it appears by it, the mourning of Octavia was yet fresh for the loss of her son Marcellus, whom she had by her first husband, and who died in the year

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ab urbe conditâ, 731; and collects from thence that Virgil, reading this Æneïd before her in the same year, had just finished it; that, from this time to that of the poet's death, was little more than four years: so that, supposing him to have written the whole Æneïs in eleven years, the first six books must have taken up seven of those years: on which account, the six last must of necessity be less correct.

Now, for the false judgement of my friends, there is but this little to be said for them; the words of Virgil, in the verse preceding, are these,

——— *Siquâ fata aspera rumpas* —

as if the poet had meant, "if you break through your hard destiny, so as to be born, you shall be called Marcellus:" but this cannot be the sense: for, though Marcellus was born, yet he broke not through those hard decrees, which doomed him to so immature a death. Much less can Virgil mean, "you shall be the same Marcellus by the transmigration of his soul:" for, according to the system of our author, a thousand years must be first elapsed, before the soul can return into a human body: but the first Marcellus was slain in the second Punic war; and how many hundred years were yet wanting to the accomplishing his penance, may with ease be gathered by computing the time betwixt Scipio and Augustus. By which it is plain, that Virgil cannot mean the same Marcellus; but one of his descendants, whom I call a new Marcellus; who so much resembled his ancestor, perhaps in his features and his person, but certainly in his military virtues, that Virgil cries out, *quantum instar in ipso est!* which I have translated,

How like the former, and almost the same!

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Line 1236.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn.

Virgil borrowed this imagination from Homer, Odysses xix. line 562. The translation gives the reason, why true prophetic dreams are said to pass through the gate of horn, by adding the epithet *transparent*, which is not in Virgil, whose words are only these:

Sunt geminæ Somni portæ, quarum altera fertur
Cornea ———

What is pervious to the sight is clear; and (alluding to this property) the poet infers such dreams are of divine revelation. Such as pass through the ivory gate, are of the contrary nature — polished lies. But there is a better reason to be given: for the ivory alludes to the teeth, the horn to the eyes. What we see is more credible, than what we only hear; that is, words that pass through the portal of the mouth, or "*hedge of the teeth*;" which is Homer's expression for *speaking*.

ÆNEÏD VII. Line 109.

Strange to relate! the flames, involv'd in smoke, &c.

Virgil, in this place, takes notice of a great secret in the Roman divination: the lambent fires, which rose above the head, or played about it, were signs of prosperity: such were those which he observed in the second Æneïd, which were seen mounting from the crown of Ascanius—

Ecce, levis summo de vertice visus Iüli
Fundere lumen apex.

Smoky flames (or involved in smoke) were of a mixed omen: such were those which are here described; for

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smoke signifies tears, because it produces them, and flames happiness. And therefore Virgil says, that this ostent was not only *mirabile visu*, but *horrendum*.

Line 367.

One only daughter heirs my crown and state.

This has seemed to some an odd passage: that a king should offer his daughter and heir to a stranger prince and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his coasts. But these critics have not well considered the simplicity of former times, when the heroines almost courted the marriage of illustrious men. Yet Virgil here observes the rule of decency: Lavinia offers not herself: it is Latinus who propounds the match; and he had been foretold, both by an augur and an oracle, that he should have a foreign son-in-law, who was also a hero;—fathers, in those ancient ages, considering birth and virtue, more than fortune, in the placing of their daughters: which I could prove by various examples: the contrary of which being now practised, I dare not say in our nation, but in France, has not a little darkened the lustre of their nobility. That Lavinia was averse to this marriage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

Line 1020.

——— ——— And where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.

I observe that Virgil names not Nola, which was not far distant from Abella; perhaps, because that city (the same in which Augustus died afterwards) had once refused to give him entertainment, if we may believe the author of his life. Homer heartily curses another city which had used him in the same manner: but our author thought

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his silence of the Nolans a sufficient correction. When a poet passes by a place or person, though a fair occasion offers of remembering them, it is a sign he is, or thinks himself, much disobliged.

ÆNEÏD VIII. Line 34.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, &c:

This similitude is literally taken from Apollonius Rhodius; and it is hard to say whether the original or the translation excels. But, in the shield which he describes afterwards in this Æneïd, he as much transcends his master Homer, as the arms of Glaucus were richer than those of Diomedes—Χρυσεα χαλκειων.

Lines 115 and 116.

Æneas takes the mother and her brood:
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.

The translation is infinitely short of Virgil, whose words are these:

——— *Tibi* enim, *tibi maxima Juno,*
Mactat, sacra ferens, et cum grege sistit ad aram —

for I could not turn the word *enim* into English with any grace, though it was of such necessity in the Roman rites, that a sacrifice could not be performed without it. It is of the same nature (if I may presume to name that sacred mystery) in our words of consecration at the altar.

ÆNEÏD IX. Lines 853, 854.

At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.

The first of these lines is all of monosyllables, and both verses are very rough; but of choice; for it had

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been easy for me to have smoothed them. But either my ear deceives me, or they express the thing which I intended in their sound: for the stress of a bow which is drawn to the full extent, is expressed in the harshness of the first verse, clogged not only with monosyllables, but with consonants; and these words, *the tough yew*, which conclude the second line, seem as forceful, as they are unharmonious. Homer and Virgil are both frequent in their adapting sounds to the thing they signify. One example will serve for both; because Virgil borrowed the following verses from Homer's Odysses.

Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.

Συν δ' Ευροςτε, Νοτοςτ' επεσεν, Ζεφυροςτε δυσαης,
Και Βορεης αιθρηγενετης, μεγα κυμα κυλινδων.

Our language is not often capable of these beauties; though sometimes I have copied them; of which these verses are an instance.

Line 1095.

——————— His ample shield
Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd.

When I read this Æneïd to many of my friends in company together, most of them quarreled at the word *falsify'd*, as an innovation in our language. The fact is confessed; for I remember not to have read it in any English author; though perhaps it may be found in Spenser's Fairy Queen; but, suppose it be not there, why am I forbidden to borrow from the Italian (a polished language) the word which is wanting in my native tongue? Terence has often Grecised: Lucretius has followed his example; and pleaded for it—

Sic quia me cogit patrii sermonis egestas.

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Virgil has confirmed it by his frequent practice; and even Cicero in prose, wanting terms of philosophy in the Latin tongue, has taken them from Aristotle's Greek. Horace has given us a rule for coining words, *si Græco fonte cadant;* especially when other words are joined with them, which explain the sense. I use the word *falsify* in this place, to mean that the shield of Turnus was not of proof against the spears and javelins of the Trojans, which had pierced it through and through (as we say) in many places. The words which accompany this new one, make my meaning plain, according to the precept which Horace gave. But I said I borrowed the word from the Italian. *Vide* Ariosto, Cant. 26.

Ma sì l' usbergo d' ambi era perfetto,
Che mai poter falsarlo in nessun canto.

Falsar cannot otherwise be turned, than by *falsify'd;* for *his shield was falsed,* is not English. I might indeed have contented myself with saying his shield was pierced, and bored, and stuck with javelins; *nec sufficit umbo ictibus.* They who will not admit a new word, may take the old: the matter is not worth dispute.

ÆNEÏD X. Line 312.

A choir of Nereids, *&c.*

These were transformed from ships to sea-nymphs. This is almost as violent a machine, as the death of Arruns by a goddess in the episode of Camilla. But the poet makes use of it with greater art; for here it carries on the main design. These new-made divinities not only tell Æneas what had passed in his camp during his absence, and what was the present distress of his besieged people, and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn

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him to provide for battle the next day, and foretell him good success: so that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem; for, besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigour, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take the enemy more unprovided to resist the landing: whereas the machine relating to Camilla is only ornamental; for it has no effect, which I can find, but to please the reader, who is concerned that her death should be revenged.

Lines 241, 242.

> Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
> The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing.

The poet here begins to tell the names of the Tuscan captains who followed Æneas to the war: and I observe him to be very particular in the description of their persons, and not forgetful of their manners; exact also in the relation of the numbers which each of them command. I doubt not but, as, in the fifth book, he gave us the names of the champions who contended for the several prizes, that he might oblige many of the most ancient Roman families, their descendants—and as, in the seventh book, he mustered the auxiliary forces of the Latins on the same account—so here he gratifies his Tuscan friends with the like remembrance of their ancestors, and, above the rest, Mæcenas, his great patron, who, being of a royal family in Etruria, was probably represented under one of the names here mentioned, then known among the Romans, though, at so great a distance, unknown to us. And, for his sake chiefly, as I guess, he makes Æneas (by whom he always means Augustus) to seek for aid in the country of Mæcenas, thereby to endear his protector to his emperor, as if there had been a former friendship betwixt their lines.

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And who knows, but Mæcenas might pretend that the Cilnian family was derived from Tarchon, the chief commander of the Tuscans?

Line 662.

Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.

I have mentioned this passage in my preface to the Æneïs, to prove that Fate was superior to the gods, and that Jove could neither defer nor alter its decrees. Sir Robert Howard has since been pleased to send me the concurrent testimony of Ovid: it is in the last book of his Metamorphoses, where Venus complains that her descendant, Julius Cæsar, was in danger of being murdered by Brutus and Cassius, at the head of the commonwealth-faction, and desires [*the gods*] to prevent that barbarous assassination. They are moved to compassion; they are concerned for Cæsar; but the poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their power to change destiny. All they could do, was to testify their sorrow for his approaching death, by fore-shewing it with signs and prodigies, as appears by the following lines—

Talia necquidquam toto Venus anxia cœlo
Verba jacit; superosque movet: qui rumpere quamquam
Ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
Signa tamen luctûs dant haud incerta futuri.

Then she addresses to her father Jupiter, hoping aid from him, because he was thought omnipotent. But he, it seems, could do as little as the rest; for he answers thus:

——— *sola insuperabile Fatum,*
Nata, movere paras? Intres licet ipsa sororum
Tecta trium; cernes illic, molimine vasto,
Ex ære et solido rerum tabularia ferro,

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Quæ neque concursum cæli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuunt ullas, tuta atque æterna, ruinas.
Invenies illic, incisa adamante perenni,
Fata tui generis. Legi ipse, animoque notavi;
Et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.
Hic sua complevit (pro quo, Cytherea, laboras)
Tempora, perfectis, quos terræ debuit, annis, &c.

Jupiter, you see, is only library-keeper, or *custos rotulorum*, to the Fates: for he offers his daughter a cast of his office, to give her a sight of their decrees, which the inferior gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the preface; that they, not having seen the records, might believe they were his own hand-writing, and consequently at his disposing, either to blot out or alter, as he saw convenient. And of this opinion was Juno in those words, *tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas.* Now the abode of those Destinies being in hell, we cannot wonder why the swearing by Styx was an inviolable oath amongst the gods of heaven, and that Jupiter himself should fear to be accused of forgery by the Fates, if he altered any thing in their decrees: Chaos, Night, and Erebus, being the most ancient of the deities, and instituting those fundamental laws, by which he was afterwards to govern. Hesiod gives us the genealogy of the gods; and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that Homer was more a fatalist than Virgil: for it has been observed that the word Τυχη, or *Fortune*, is not to be found in his two poems; but, instead of it, always Μοιρα.

ÆNEÏD XII. Lines 100, 101, 102.

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red,

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Amata, ever partial to the cause of Turnus, had just before desired him, with all manner of earnestness, not to engage his rival in single fight; which was his present resolution. Virgil, though (in favour of his hero) he never tells us directly that Lavinia preferred Turnus to Æneas, yet has insinuated this preference twice before. For mark, in the seventh Æneïd, she left her father (who had promised her to Æneas without asking her consent), and followed her mother into the woods, with a troop of Bacchanals, where Amata sung the marriage-song, in the name of Turnus; which if she had disliked, she might have opposed. Then, in the eleventh Æneïd, when her mother went to the temple of Pallas, to invoke her aid against Æneas, whom she calls by no better name than *Phrygius prædo*, Lavinia sits by her in the same chair or litter, *juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,—oculos dejecta decoros.* What greater sign of love, than fear and concernment for the lover? In the lines which I have quoted, she not only sheds tears, but changes colour. She had been bred up with Turnus; and Æneas was wholly a stranger to her. Turnus, in probability, was her first love, and favoured by her mother, who had the ascendant over her father. But I am much deceived, if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret satire against the sex, which is lurking under this description of Virgil, who seldom speaks well of women—better indeed of Camilla, than any other—for he commends her beauty and valour—because he would concern the reader for her death. But valour is no very proper praise for woman-kind; and beauty is common to the sex. He says also somewhat of Andromache, but transiently: and his Venus is a better mother than a wife; for she owns to Vulcan she had a son by another man. The rest are Junos, Dianas, Didos, Amatas, two mad

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prophetesses, three Harpies on earth, and as many Furies under ground. This fable of Lavinia includes a secret moral; that women, in their choice of husbands, prefer the younger of their suitors to the elder; are insensible of merit, fond of handsomeness, and, generally speaking, rather hurried away by their appetite, than governed by their reason.

Lines 808, 809.

Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.

The poet had said, in the preceding lines, that Mnestheus, Serestus, and Asylas, led on the Trojans, the Tuscans, and the Arcadians: but none of the printed copies, which I have seen, mention any leader of the Rutulians and Latins, but Messapus the son of Neptune. Ruæus takes notice of this passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no reason, why Messapus is alone without a coadjutor.

The four verses of Virgil run thus:

Totæ adeo conversæ acies, omnesque Latini,
Omnes Dardanidæ; Mnestheus, acerque Serestus,
Et Messapus equûm domitor, et fortis Asylas,
Tuscorumque phalanx, Evandrique Arcades alæ.

I doubt not but the third line was originally thus,

Et Messapus equûm domitor, et fortis Atinas:

for the two names of Asylas and Atinas are so like, that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the transcribers. And to fortify this opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of Saces to Turnus, that Atinas is joined with Messapus.

Soli, pro portis, Messapus et acer Atinas
Sustentant aciem ———

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In general I observe, not only in this Æneïd, but in all the six last books, that Æneas is never seen on horseback, and but once before, as I remember, in the fourth, when he hunts with Dido. The reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret compliment which the poet made to his countrymen the Romans, the strength of whose armies consisted most in foot, which, I think, were all Romans and Italians. But their wings or squadrons were made up of their allies, who were foreigners.

Lines 1191, 1192.

This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land, *&c.*

The words in the original are these,

Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum.

Virgil very artfully uses here the word *majestas*, which the Romans loved so well, that they appropriated it to themselves — *Majestas populi Romani.* This title, applied to kings, is very modern; and that is all I will say of it at present, though the word requires a larger note. In the word *tuorum*, is included the sense of my translation, *Your father's land*, because Saturn, the father of Jove, had governed that part of Italy, after his expulsion from Crete. But that on which I most insist, is the address of the poet, in this speech of Juno. Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the preface, that, whatever the common opinion was, concerning the descent of the Romans from the Trojans, yet the ancient customs, rites, laws, and habits of those Trojans were wholly lost, and perhaps also that they had never been: and, for this reason, he introduces Juno in this place, requesting of Jupiter that no memory might remain of Troy (the town she hated), that the people hereafter should not be called Trojans, nor retain any thing which

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belonged to their predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our author and his friend Horace, to hinder Augustus from re-building Troy, and removing thither the seat of empire, a design so unpleasing to the Romans? But of this I am not positive, because I have not consulted Dacier, and the rest of the critics, to ascertain the time in which Horace writ the ode relating to that subject.

Lines 1224, 1225.

Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three daughters, at a birth, were born to Night.

The father of these (not here mentioned) was Acheron; the names of the three were Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They were called Furies in hell, on earth Harpies, and in heaven Diræ. Two of these assisted at the throne of Jupiter, and were employed by him to punish the wickedness of mankind. These two must be Megæra and Tisiphone—not Alecto; for Juno expressly commands her to return to hell, from whence she came: and gives this reason:

Te super ætherias errare licentius auras
Haud pater ipse velit, summi regnator Olympi.
Cede locis.

Probably this Dira, unnamed by the poet in this place, might be Tisiphone; for, though we find her in hell, in the sixth Æneïd, employed in the punishment of the damned,

Continuo sontes ultrix, accincta flagello,
Tisiphone quatit insultans, &c.

yet afterwards she is on earth in the tenth Æneïd, and amidst the battle,

Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia sævit —

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which I guess to be Tisiphone, the rather, by the etymology of her name, which is compounded of τιω *ulciscor*, and φονος *cædes;* part of her errand being to affright Turnus with the stings of a guilty conscience, and denounce vengeance against him for breaking the first treaty, by refusing to yield Lavinia to Æneas, to whom she was promised by her father—and, consequently, for being the author of an unjust war; and also for violating the second treaty, by declining the single combat, which he had stipulated with his rival, and called the gods to witness before their altars. As for the names of the Harpies (so called on earth), Hesiod tells us they were Iris, Aëllo, and Ocypete. Virgil calls one of them Celæno; this, I doubt not, was Alecto, whom Virgil calls, in the third Æneïd, *Furiarum maxima*, and in the sixth again by the same name—*Furiarum maxima juxta Accubat.* That she was the chief of the Furies, appears by her description in the seventh Æneïd; to which, for haste, I refer the reader.

THE END.

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